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Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART FOUR.

SYMPATHY is the electric chain that links humanity together. Call it animal magnetism, or spiritualism, or what you will, there is a power of recognition in every faculty and attribute of our nature that enables it to detect and appreciate its fellow whenever and wherever encountered. We are more or less interesting to each other as we have many or few points of psychological contact. The more we know of each other, if we have affinities, the more lively and active are our sympathies with each other, the better we are able to approximate to that desired craving of the heart, a reflex of ourselves — a thing to study and to endeavor to comprehend. Self-knowledge is the highest earthly wisdom, inasmuch as it involves a knowledge of our fellow-beings and our mutual relations to each other. The self-knowledge taught by solitary meditation is one-sided, imperfect, and often totally false. It is apt to be morbid, misanthropic, desponding, and melancholy. After much experience and intercourse with the world, a man may profitably sometimes shut himself out from its sympathies and give his life to meditation; but he must be a man of rare powers of memory and imagination. Ordinary men are not safe if left wholly to themselves alone. By keeping our sympathies vigilant the spirits are kept in tone, and cheerfulness, which is the wine of life, is maintained.

Now, it has always appeared to me that men differ more in the faculty of appreciating each other than in any other respect. Perhaps it is because this embraces all other differences. Many men there be that walk together through a long life as utterly ignorant of the real nature of each other as if they belonged to different species. It is sometimes as if one was arrayed in the colors of the rainbow and the other were blind, or as if one sang like the carols of morning birds and the

other were deaf. Yet others have the power of seizing and appreciating character at a glance and in the twinkling of an eye. How they come by it they know not. The capacity more nearly approaches what we call instinct than any thing else in our nature. It is a marvellous power. It unravels mysteries, cuts its way through disguises, brushes aside all the shams with which men deceive themselves, and dives at the kernel of the character of a man with unerring certainty. Men often possess it to a great degree who can arrogate to themselves neither talent nor genius. My humble theory is, that it comes from an active self-consciousness sympathizing by a sort of animal magnetism, with the self-consciousness of others. Once brought in contact, and the electrical chain established, the hidden secrets of a man's heart flow imperceptibly from him, the most watchful guard sleeps at his post, and the treasure is betrayed to the gaze of the fascinator. A man thus often finds himself seduced, as it were, into imparting the most sacred confidences to one of an hour's acquaintance; and will sometimes stop and start and rouse himself like a guilty thing, as it suddenly flashes upon him that he has opened the window in his soul, perhaps to the gaze of idle curiosity. Has not the reader seen or felt this?

PART FIVE.

I HEAR so many persons talk over their affairs together, that I have become acquainted with numerous family histories and private biographies where my unavoidable eaves-dropping is little suspected. From constantly watching faces, (aided perhaps by powers acquired through careful early education, which I have unprofitably wasted in an idle, purposeless life,) I have become, I fancy, a tolerable judge of physiognomy, and can easily piece together to my satisfaction the scraps I pick up from their talk, and make out a character for many of those who ride in my car. Here now comes with mincing, measured steps, a spruce-looking little chap, very tidily dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons. He carries a small gold-headed cane as if it were a rod of iron — so stiff it looks. He wears a huge diamond breast-pin, and his whiskers are cut quite fantastically, showing the chin and leaving the moustache. His pantaloons are black, strapped down over those 'obsolete ideas,' patent-leather boots. His vest is rather flashy, his sleeves rather looser than those most men wear, and his hat of shiny silk, of rather stiff, Canal-street look. What a careless, happy dog he is to be sure! With what self-gratulation he bends his eyes upon his neat-fitting green kids, and nurses that succulent knob of his cane! I know by an intuition I cannot satisfactorily account for, that he is a clerk with a moderate salary. Whenever I see a young man riding down to his business, carrying such a cane in such a way, with the marks of so much labor bestowed upon his personal appearance as to give him the jaunty air of our little friend, I know he is a clerk. He has no care. Care be hanged! Care killed a cat. The toil of life sits easy upon his soul. Be the times hard or soft, he gets his salary. This enables him to keep soul and body together after his fashion, and he would not rouse himself to do more. Not he. This is your sybarite on the Canal-street plan.

His 'chiefest care' is to decorate his person, fill his maw, smoke his segar, and do as little work as possible. In the sight of his employer I warrant you he is a model of diligence, but in the absence of his employer I would not wager odds upon his fidelity.

I knew such an one many years ago. He was my fellow-clerk in the office of a popular stock-broker of this city, named Johnson. Fag, like myself, was a broker's clerk, and nothing else. Fag's own elegant person was his empire. His time was chiefly occupied in cultivating that. He was very skilful in what he undertook, and that was, watching the movements of Johnson. He knew Johnson's movements to a nicety. In the morning Fag arrived a few minutes before Johnson, and in the afternoon Fag left about two seconds after the door closed behind Johnson. Our employer's hours varied. He very often left the office quite early in the day; but I verily believe if he had left at ten in the morning, it would have been the signal for the flight of my fellow-clerk. Johnson was an absent-minded man, and often forgot accounts and books he purposed taking home; it used to make me laugh outright when he returned suddenly and met my worthy fellow-clerk just emerging for the day. Our office-hours were nominally fixed, but Johnson came down late and left for home early. Fag's hours were the same as Johnson's + two minutes and one second. Johnson was compelled to be in 'the Board' or 'on 'Change' the greater part of the day; and as soon as Johnson quitted the office in the morning, Fag popped down from his high stool, and abandoned his high desk and his books of account. Lighting a segar, he seated himself in a softly-cushioned chair, and, placing his feet upon a table, with a new novel or the newspaper, made himself comfortable. Sometimes he would send out the errand-boy for a few friends of congenial tastes, and have a rubber of whist or a hand at all-fours. Literary reading and dawdling over newspapers were prohibited in the office, and so these things were kept out of sight, except in Johnson's absence. Often, however, he returned unexpectedly when the novels were in full view: still Johnson never seemed to observe them, and indeed they disappeared with a facility that Signor Blitz might have envied. Fag fancied Johnson never saw his duplicity and eye-serving; but the truth was, Johnson was a kind-hearted man, and could not muster courage to discharge a clerk. Beside, he well knew if he set Fag afloat in the world he might find it difficult to get his bread, as he could not fairly or prudently be recommended for fidelity or diligence to the employment of another, and poor Fag seemed, like myself, to lack the energy and independence to make his own way. So it happened that Fag continued for years in the employment of Johnson, seldom missing an opportunity to evade his duties when not openly liable to detection, and rewarding forbearance by ingratitude. This character made such an impression upon me that I have never forgotten it, and I marked his manner so that I know the type the moment I see one of the sort.

PART SIX.

I HAVE many a pleasant acquaintance who is not too proud to talk with the conductor, and who prefers to share the platform with me

rather than sit or stand inside the over-crowded car. Oftentimes I have a pleasant chat with them, and some are as communicative as if there were some mysterious relationship between us, which they took pleasure in recognizing. I am a sort of major-domo in their eyes, and they have a smile or a jest for me as often as we meet. Now comes one stepping on the car this bright morning. He is a cheery, chattering old gentleman that has seen sixty, but he is as brisk as a bee and as gay as a morning lark. Time has 'snowed' him 'under,' but his step is vigorous, and his grasp is firm. He is of small stature, and has the activity of a boy. His eye is twinkling, and he is looking about for a chance at fun in some direction. The first time I saw him upon my car he found it pretty well filled, and he pushed and crowded about so vigorously to find 'ample room and verge enough,' that he jostled me rather more than I was accustomed to. I stood with my back toward him, and turned to see what rude boy was making such a commotion. When my eye met his he put on such a roguish look, and he poked me in the ribs with such a merry, ringing laugh, that I was quite charmed with him, and bore his pressure against me with good-nature, and presently ventured to address him some passing remark. He then fell talking to me of the times when he first came to New-York, in 1799, when there were but two brick houses from St. Paul's to the Hospital in Broadway. From this he passed to the changes in the times in the matter of the extravagant habits of the people, and so on. Then he began to remark upon the frequent bankruptcies among young merchants. Some other time I may repeat some of his sagacious observations upon this topic.

I will now content myself with an anecdote he told. Said he: 'When I was a merchant in William-street, some forty years ago, there was a young fellow who failed in business rather unnecessarily as we thought, and Jeemes H — and some others, including myself, his creditors, had a meeting to overlook his accounts. We took up his ledger, and the account of A — was turned to. Well, \$500 due. Was this good? Afraid it was all bad. B —'s account of \$300. How about this? Might get it, but doubtful. A third; very similar. A fourth ditto, and so on, showing a bad state of things and a recklessness in dealing with irresponsible men. However, the accounts were none large.

Presently we came to the account of 'Messrs. CARCO & COHL.' Well, who were they? Their account was some \$3000, and if good would make something of a dividend. Their names were unknown to us. Were they foreigners? After some preliminaries the debtor said: 'To tell the truth, I am ashamed to confess it, but I have spent this amount frolicking with certain ladies whose society I had better have let alone; and this account stands for 'CARNATION-COMPANY & COACH-HIRE.' How the old gentleman laughed as he told me this! We were getting to the end of the route, and there was no time to say more. 'But,' said my venerable friend, 'I am satisfied that this firm of 'CARCO & COHL' figures as largely in the books of our young bankrupts now-a-days as it did forty years ago.'

EARLY OCTOBER.

SUGGESTED BY 'APPLE-GATHERING,' A PAINTING BY JEROME THOMPSON.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

'Tis autumn-time !
The golden, mellow autumn-time ;
And skies are radiant, rich and warm,
The air delicious with its balm,
And laden branch and leafy spray
New-colored by October's day.

Magnificent, rare autumn-time !
With honeyed fruits and leaves embrowned,
And gay blooms o'er thy forehead bound,
With scarlet vine-leaves crowned !
All day the rosy-girdled hours
Prolong in thy resplendent bowers
Their festival of fruits and flowers —
A carnival sublime !

Long musing o'er the painter's dream,
Athwart the glowing canvas spread,
Again October's glow and gleam
I see, October's haunts I tread :
October's glorious sky I view,
Its purple haze, its cloud of blue
All tintured with the sunset's gold,
Irradiant as a banner's fold.

I see the upland slope so green,
Bathed in the noon-day haze serene ;
The purpling hills, the grassy plain,
The yellow harvests of the grain ;
The old oaks soaring brown and tall,
O'er which the crows discordant call ;
The farmer's humble roof of gray,
Fast by the road's secluded way ;
The well-sweep old, high raised in air,
And oaken bucket dripping there.

I see the orchard bending low,
With ruddy pippins all a-glow ;
While farm-boys pluck the tree's ripe fruit,
Or idly stretch them at its root ;
While damsels, rosy-red, await
With baskets the o'erflowing freight ;
Or pause to listen to the tale
Of some *LOTHARIO* of the vale.

Hard by I see the old brown wain
Heaped with its fruit of gorgeous stain,
Fruit that shall make the winter's hearth
Glow brighter with the honest mirth :

When round the heaped-up apples pass,
Or the rich cider crowns the glass;
When fire-side tale and fire-side song
The farmer's jovial nights prolong.

In our ocean of life there's an isle
Around which soft memories pour;
Sometimes with a dimple and smile,
Sometimes with a turbulent roar;
Even so in my memory a spot
Shineth ever all radiant and gay;
A meadow, an orchard, a cot,
And the woods where my childhood would play:
And the soft purple hills of my love,
And the rosy clouds soaring above;
Even such a bright, early-loved place
As here on the canvas I trace.

New-York, Feb. 14, 1856.

SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

APPLE-CUTTINGS.

AUGUST 20. — It is at this season that our South-Jersey farmers busy themselves with drying their winter store of fruit. Apples, pears, peaches, and plums are all preserved in this manner, but as a rule the quantities of apples thus prepared far exceed those of any other fruit. The preliminary peelings and quarterings of these fruits are commonly made seasons of festivity at each farm-house, and go by the general name of 'apple-cuttings.' None but young, unmarried people are invited to these junketings; and to this class of our population, 'apple-cutting time' is associated with the same ideas of gayety and delight that fill the minds of city beaux and belles when the opera season draws near, or when the commencement of a more than commonly magnificent round of parties awaits them.

Having issued invitations for the neighboring 'fellers and gals' to meet at his house upon a certain evening, to assist at an apple-cutting, the farmer and his men repair to the orchard, and carefully gather all the apples which are sour and unfit for table-fruit, into clean, sweet tubs and barrels. In the mean time the house-wife bakes some forty or fifty sturdy, thick-crust ed apple-pies, and also sees to it that a barrel of new or 'sweet' cider sits in some cool, convenient place in the cellar. In the afternoon preceeding the festal evening, the family supper is dispatched by four o'clock, when the kitchen is cleared of all its furniture, kettles, dishes, and other cooking-gear, thoroughly swept and cleaned from top to bottom, and its floor plentifully decorated with quaint devices of white sand. Seats of boards and blocks are now constructed

along the kitchen-walls, while barrels, tubs, and heaps of apples, beside baskets and boxes containing knives, are conveniently dispersed throughout the room. At sun-down the kitchen-doors are thrown wide open, some six or eight candles are lighted, and dressed in clean frocks and snow-white aprons the farmer's wife and daughters seat themselves near the principal entrance, and filling their laps with apples, proceed to pare the same in a leisurely, *degagée* manner while waiting for the guests.

Scarcely has the sun declined beneath the horizon, when troops of rural beaux and belles come flocking into the yard, and having saluted the hostess, pass into the house; and while the ladies thrust their sun-bonnets into their pockets, and at once seat themselves, the gentlemen hunt up knives, fill the fair ones' laps with apples, and in a few moments all are busy with the work of paring and cutting up the fruit. While, as we have said, apple-cuttings furnish the most delightful of all pleasures known to our young people, the kitchen is soon filled to its utmost capacity, and on this occasion our nymphs and swains are careful to wear their choicest graces and apparel. The beaux, it will be observed, are one and all in their shirt-sleeves, with the bottoms of their pantaloons well rolled up, and sitting very close beside their respective lady-loves, furnish them with successive supplies of the largest and fairest apples (which sort are most easily pared and quartered) with all possible flourish and gay courtesy. As a point of more importance than any, each Adonis wears his hat continually, (by which custom the looker-on is regaled with a curious spectacle of intermingled and antique, bell and steeple-crowns,) and although this fashion conceals the greater portion of each gallant's hair, yet that which is exposed to view is certain to be shining with grease, while the lower ends thereof are curled inward toward the neck with a nicety and regularity that can only result from the exercise of great practice and pains.

It is among the fairer portion of the company, however, that we are to look for the most marked display and coquetry, and the boldest and most knowing of these (inasmuch as they have, perhaps, had their notions enlarged and stimulated by passing a few summer weeks as 'help' at some Cape-Island Hotel, where city gallants and ladies were plentiful) will probably be arrayed in red and blue flannel polka-jackets, and cheap yellow and brown kid shoes, while their foreheads will be seen to be quite covered with dainty specimens of that peculiar species of curl commonly called 'beau-catchers.' The damsels possessing less confidence and knowledge than the above, are fain to be satisfied with their clean 'Sunday' calico frocks, and green-silk aprons, and the clusters of glass and sealing-wax beads, which glitter from about their full, sun-burnt throats.

As in all other assemblies, some members of the company attract far more attention and consideration than others. Thus, a hare-brained oyster-man, or the stage-driver, (and by very superior diplomacy this latter personage is sometimes entrapped for the greater delight of these entertainments,) with their stories of novel tattle, awful accidents, and strange sights, receive the same homage of wonder and awe that refined city-circles usually accord to 'strangers of distinction.' A young

carpenter or shingle-maker, earning some twenty or thirty dollars per month, is viewed by the ladies in the light of an almost matchless *bon parti*; and furthermore the covetousness with which they gaze at him quite equals that filling the heart of a fashionable city belle, when a dashing and handsome millionaire sweeps before her eyes. These are the male heroes of apple-cuttings, and the other gentlemen are patronized and esteemed in exact proportion as their tastes and habits approach those affected by the acknowledged models; but as for the decayed clam-digger, or eel-fisherman, who besides being addicted to 'coon' hunting and fiddle-playing, is perhaps endowed with a red-pimpled face, and a quenchless thirst for whiskey; for him there is no honor or adulation whatever, and the luckless wight is shunned and condemned as completely as a broken *roué* or rich tallow-chandler would be at Almacks.

Among the nymphs too, most marked distinctions exist. Those wearing the polka-jackets — since they are at times wanton and affect simpering and killing looks — draw upon themselves certain rough encomiums, which when duly translated into the fashionable tongue, mean that they are highly elegant and *distingué*. Those of a retiring disposition, but reputed to be handy with the needle and spinning-wheel, and good house-keepers withal, are referred to with the same significance which the city-blood expresses when, as lounging through a ball-room, he pronounces such pretty and modest girls as chance to be at once poor and given to piano-playing, 'slow, but devilishly well accomplished.' It is to the daughters of well-to-do farmers however, that the men pay their greatest homage; for these lasses will some day fall heiresses to many a rood of sand-field and sapling-timber; and as a rule our Jersey swains work far too hard for their money not to be aware of the ease, to say nothing of the 'position' and 'respectability' which a marriage with one of these maidens would bring them.

Wondering and laughing at the talk of the oyster-man and stage-driver, giving and taking many a sly joke, squeeze of the hand, or other token of frolicsomeness and fun that shall accord with the established etiquette, and all the while cutting and paring apples, as though their very lives depended upon their efforts, the company will have been unremittingly busy for some two or three hours, when lo! the fact becomes suddenly manifest that the store of fruit is utterly exhausted; and now, as some half-dozen girls spring to their feet, and briskly ply a half-dozen brooms, the nimblest of the men remove the numerous receptacles containing the quartered fruit, and follow the sweepers with a fresh strewing of sand: and no sooner are things put to rights once more, and the guests again seated, then a couple of buckets of cider and several trays of pies are passed about among them.

Having thoroughly refreshed themselves with cider and apple-pie, the stage-driver and three of the most rollicking oyster-men present, give a concerted wink to some scape-goat of a fiddle-player (who all the evening has probably been *sneaking* in the coventry of some one of the kitchen recesses,) and when this personage (too happy to find himself of importance at last) has struck up one of his merriest airs, the aforesaid gentlemen deposit their hats in the chimney-corner, and pomp-

ously take their places on the kitchen-floor, to electrify the company with the performance of a dance greatly admired throughout our country side, and commonly called a *straight-four*.

Quite certain the *straight-four* as it exists among us preserves all its ancient features entirely uncorrupt, and having frequently heard most doleful complaints in other localities, on account of the desecrating innovations with which it has generally been defaced of late, we may be excused for giving a rather minute description of its style as known to our best and purest dancers. As we have already intimated, it is performed by four males; and our stage-drivers and oyster-men are one and all peculiarly famous for their skilful knowledge of the same. Upon taking the floor, our friends (and they are already up, by-the-by) range themselves into two opening columns, the confronting heads of which are composed of the stage-driver and the nimblest of the oyster-men. Having resolutely eyed each other for a moment or two, the pair standing face to face, simultaneously throw back their heads, relax the muscles of their arms so completely that these limbs shall flap freely hither and thither at the slightest motion of the body, (a happy aptness in this proceeding is considered to be a point of most enviable accomplishment,) and slightly bending their knees, commence shuffling their feet in time with the fiddle, while the rearward parties remaining quite stationary chew tobacco without cessation, and internally revolve many doubts and hopes as to the effect of their own display when the same shall come to pass.

At first the shuffling of the stage-driver and his rival oyster-man is of a mild character, and somewhat spiritless; but as the fiddle increases its vigor and liveliness, the dancers become inspired ere long, and are moved to actions of considerable brilliancy. Thus, instead of easily shuffling on both feet, the stage-driver perhaps elevates one foot high in the air, and shaking this with the utmost spirit, delivers himself of an energetic round of forward and backward hops on the other; while, not to be out-done, the oyster-man stiffly raises himself on his toes, and artfully spins round and round about like a whirligig. Having disported themselves in this manner for some five or six minutes, these gentlemen (chiefly in consideration of their chafing comrades) bow their heads, throw up their arms, pass each other on their right hands, in a series of long circling scuffs, and coming at length to the opposite wall, are amply served with cider and pie by some enamored nymph, while the as yet unemployed dancers advance and take up the sport most eagerly.

The evolutions of the second couple will no doubt vary from those executed by the first, since before surrendering their places they will probably have caused no little suspension of breath among the company, by jumping many times high in the air, and clapping their heels together most resonantly. This feat you may be sure is not lost on the stage-driver; for in his turn to take the floor he frantically shouts for the fiddle-player to increase the speed of his music to the utmost; which being done, our hero repeatedly throws his feet up to a level with his head, the while snapping his fingers so loudly that at first you suppose some one to be cracking a whip. The latter caper naturally inspires the oyster-men to fresh novelties, such as splitting their trowsers, by

kicking at the kitchen mantel-piece, or some other unattainable height, and overtaken by the shame of this misfortune, to say nothing of the heat, fatigue, and loss of wind under which they labor, a pair of these worthies are fain to withdraw from the sport altogether, thus leaving the stage-driver and his rival oyster-man to win whatever laurels they may.

Being now alone on the floor, with all eyes steadily resting upon them, the opposing dancers strain every nerve to out-do each other. Without permitting themselves a second's rest, (for so long as the fiddle can be heard, they dare not indulge in the slightest pause save at great expense of reputation,) they strip the perspiration from their foreheads with their bent fore-fingers, tear open their waistcoats and shirts, and shuffle and jig it most ravishly. But the honors are sure to be borne off by the stage-driver, strengthened and accomplished as he is by an almost nightly practice of his darling amusement at the road-side taverns; and after amusing the company for a full hour, with various ingenious kinds of shufflings and pirouettings, he suddenly cuts a pigeon-wing abounding in the most intricate sinuosities, with such ineffable spirit and grace, that the room rings with the loudest bursts of admiration, and the oyster-man is forced to acknowledge himself beaten, and thus retires from the field utterly crest-fallen. Thus victorious, our hero is worshipped as an idol. The men one and all praise his powers of wind and endurance, and the girls over-load him with presents, consisting, for the most part, of woollen stockings of their own knitting, sweet, red apples, and eel-skin 'snappers' (to be attached to the end of his whip-lash) plaited by their own fair hands.

Fairly overcome with the favors thus showered upon him, the stage-driver at length suggests, that the whole company at once take part in the games and plays usual to the occasions. These latter diversions are of various character, and proceed after many different methods; but in one way or other they are all games of forfeits, which are never satisfied or redeemed, save through the medium of plentiful kisses.

The most favorite of these games is called 'Wild Injun,' and is played as follows. A long piece of rope having been procured, the guests form a wide circle, and while one of the gentlemen is selected to stand in the centre thereof, the remainder of the company keep the rope in steady, progressive motion through their fingers. While engaged in this wise, it is supposed that the attention of every body is fully engrossed with his ostensible work; and thus with the first opportunity the gallant of the centre seizes any lady on whom he can best lay his hands, and kisses her most ardently. By this feat he wins his freedom from confinement, while the nymph is condemned to take his place. In order to escape from her duress, the damsel in question must cunningly contrive to touch one of the gentlemen on his hands; and having at last succeeded in this, she strives to effect her exit from the area of the ring before the youth over whom she has gained the advantage has time to enter the same; for, failing in this, the dew of her lips will be again most prodigally ravished.

Naturally enough, this game soon excites the utmost ardor on the part of the players, and at its height it abounds with screams, laughter,

plant their salutations full and fair on the ladies' lips, and without meeting more than a becoming show of resistance, (indeed the careful observer will see those of the stage-driver and thriving carpenter ardently and abundantly returned,) the miserable fiddle-player is forced to battle both long and stoutly, ere his rough cheek meets even the back of some fair one's neck.

Engaged in pastimes of this seductive nature, the hour of twelve (pealed from the old family clock keeping grim watch in the corner) soon surprises the revellers, when the farmer invites them to another refreshment of cider and apple-pie, and this finished, he sets himself to most extravagant yawning, while his wife affects to nod in her chair, as if quite overcome with drowsiness.

Admonished by these gentle hints, the girls hasten to put their bonnets on; and at length each Strephon, as linked to his favorite Chloe, bawls out a loud and indiscriminate good-night, and takes his departure.

Although the apple-cutting festival has now drawn to a close, yet the night's entertainment is by no means finished, for each couple will now deliver themselves over to a season of the most seductive and delicious of all diversions known to youth, namely, courtship or 'sparkling;' and having at length reached her paternal kitchen, each nymph invites her swain to repose himself for a while; and when the kind-hearted creature has lighted a candle, and hid the same behind some screen, (in order that the apartment may be suffused with a dim, sentimental glow, proper to the occasion,) both rest themselves on the broad, ancestral 'settle,' and until the peep of day, the fortunate gallant has full liberty to decline his head upon the fair one's lap, and vent all the sighs, endearments, and soft nothings, with which he may be inspired.

Should Strephon demean himself approvedly 'nice,' and enjoy a general reputation of hopefulness and promise, he may perhaps be regaled with a piece of pie, and a fond embrace from his enchantress, when the cock crows, (at which signal he is forced to take his departure,) and these favors are the most extreme that 'sparkling' allows; for notwithstanding the freedom with which our maidens may at times comport themselves in public, their hearts are but simple, and far purer than most Parisian-bred gentlemen would imagine.

As our customs thus furnish great great freedom of intercourse among our young people, and as a living is easily gained in this region, all our boys and girls are commonly married, and settled in life, ere they have well cast their teens; and this prominent feature of our social habituation is generally attended with the happiest results; for with industry the youthful couples are enabled to enjoy every needful comfort, and as a fruit of their primitive ways, they are blest with the rudest health, and usually dwell upon the earth until surrounded by their children even to the third and fourth generation. But although early and happy marriages are the rule of our country life, yet here, as well as in all other places under the sun, Love dispenses pain as well as rapture; and more than once during the last decade, our community has been called to grieve over the amours of some oyster-man and wood-land maiden, which in a different wise, to be sure, but to the same extent, nevertheless, proved as hapless and fatal as those of Juliet and her Romeo.

T H E L O S T E X P L O R E R S .

'AFTER long and fruitless searches for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his crews, by English and American expeditions, their remains were at last discovered in the month of August, 1855, on and near Montreal Island, in lat. 68° north, by a party of fourteen men commanded by Messrs. STEWART and ANDERSON, sent out by the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Their bones lie buried in the sand within an extent of twelve miles. The region is represented to be dreary in the extreme; not a blade of grass nor a stick of timber to be seen. No game of any kind could be found.'

FAR in the frozen zone, where, piled for ever,
Huge crystal mountains pierce the clear, cold sky,
And fields of ice, no summer's warmth can sever,
Unchanging lie:

Far from the Esquimaux' rude moss-clad dwelling,
O'er seas untraversed by his light canoe,
Bones bleaching in the snow a tale are telling,
Tearful yet true!

A desert isle, washed by the Northern ocean,
There frowns defiance to adventurous pride:
Frost-bound in silence, naught of life or motion
Adorns its side.

No sound is heard, save when the winds of winter
Howl round its wastes and sweep its lonely shore,
Or drifting icebergs fiercely crash and splinter,
With sullen roar.

On that drear coast, brave men who vainly cherished
Longings again to tread their native land,
With watching worn, by cold and hunger perished —
A noble band!

Crushed in by moving floe or torn asunder,
Their vessels sunk beneath the treacherous wave,
As the crews fled, in mute suspense and wonder,
A watery grave.

Days, months, and years upon that Arctic island,
They bore the blinding snow and piercing gale,
But never saw from shore or icy highland
The distant sail!

The circling sun, in low rays faintly beaming,
No genial glow of summer round them spread,
And at his set, the phantom lights were streaming
Far over head.

In that long polar night, with many a story
Of perils past, they whiled the wintry hour,
Or sung the ancient songs of England's glory,
Her fame and power.

Storm, darkness, cold and solitude defying,
By pangs of gnawing hunger only moved,
Each lived to cheer his fellow-man, and dying,
Still faithful proved.

When, bending o'er the couch of the departing,
To hear in whispered accents, *home! farewell!*
From every hollow eye, the tear just starting,
Froze ere it fell.

The last sad rites performed with true devotion,
They carved his name with unavailing care
Upon the ice-mound raised beside that ocean,
In lone despair.

Thus, one by one they died, the few true-hearted,
Worthier by far of Albion's honored page
Than they who fought and bled, whose souls departed
In battle rage.

What though no marble tell their tragic story
To ice-bound mariners o'er the Northern sea,
And wailing winds around the landscape hoary
Their requiem be?

Where'er their country's banner proudly flying
In foreign climes, declares her world-wide sway,
Few of her sons can boast of fame undying
Greater than they.

Long as that isle shall lie, by man forsaken,
And awe the mariner near its rugged side,
The names of those who rest there shall awaken
A nation's pride.

Columbia's FRANKLIN taught the bolt from heaven
To rush to earth along its harmless path:
By him of England warning sad was given
By lingering death.

True patriots they: none sought with higher daring
To rule the wave or lightning fierce to tame,
And kindred lands, though severed wide, are sharing
Their common fame.

Then haste the day when skill with science blending
In arts of peace, shall join each distant shore,
And through the chain electric we are sending
Kind words once more.

While Britain loves to praise the bold endeavor
Of youthful hope, to brave the polar gloom,
Be it our care and pride to guard for ever
Her veteran's tomb.

THE FLORAL SOIRÉE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE WAR IN THE WINE-CELLAR,' IN THE LAST JULY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE Glow-worm and the Fire-fly vied with each other in the bright rays they emitted. The Lunar-bow threw around coquettish though radiant glances; while clearly and steadily shone the Star-of-Bethlehem: all combining to illuminate most brilliantly the *parterre* where the flowers were to assemble. The cards of invitation elicited a buzz of admiration, they were so tastefully prepared on rose-colored leaves, perfumed with the odor of a thousand flowers. The hour arrives; and each flower, arrayed in all her pristine loveliness, joins the gay circle. First came, impatient of delay, shaking from them the snow-flakes as they fell, the Crocuses: there they stood, shivering in their gauze dresses of purple, white, and yellow hue. Poor Miss Snowdrop, suffering from chill-blains, came limping in, supported by the Anemones,* whose dresses were terribly torn by the wind; and close behind, endeavoring to hide themselves from the gaze of the crowd, crept the Blue Violets, twin sisters, who were amazed that they, of such humble origin, should be selected on such a grand occasion: but in gratitude they shed such a sweet fragrance around, that all were anxious to cultivate their acquaintance; indeed, they have ever since been celebrated for their sweet breath.

The Daffodils, though just recovering from an attack of jaundice, and yellow as an orange, vowed they would not miss such an entertainment; and with their cousins, the Orange Phenixes, the Narcissus, and the Jonquils, made quite a showy appearance: and then there was a large family of Hyacinths, some single ones among them, in pretty costumes, and highly perfumed. The dear little Four-o'clocks were trying their best to keep their eyes open, being unaccustomed to such late hours; and the Evening Primrose declared she had slept all day to enable her to shine the better all night; and so had her aunt, Night-blooming Cereus, who was to chaperone her. Just then there was quite a commotion, and in walked gay, gaudy, flaunting Mrs. Tulip, with an immense family in her train — a scentless race, dressed within an inch of their lives. In juxtaposition with this dashing group stood lovely Lily of the Valley, arrayed in spotless white, with a broad mantle of green, to protect her from the night-air's chill. She looked so pure and fragile that the young pitied and loved her, and the old shook their heads and feared she was not long for this world. The lackadaisical and affected Honeysuckles scorned to sit bolt upright, but would lean and loll against the chairs and the mantel, looking sickishly sweet upon all who came near; and die-a-way Miss Morning Glory, appearing as though she could not survive the night; and spinster Miss Wall-

* Commonly called Wind-flower.

flower, a lady of an uncertain age, in the sere and yellow leaf, obstinately retained her seat in the corner, all the while eyeing a score of bachelors opposite, whose 'Buttons' shone resplendently. By this time the excitement became intense, all awaiting in breathless expectation the arrival of Madame Rose, allowed the world over to be the queen of beauty. In she glided, with a train of seventy or more of her connections, and beautiful in all their ramifications. They had assembled for the occasion from their different homes, from Damascus, from Persia, and from Japan; from the Prairies, from England, and from Scotland. It was wonderful to observe the variety and texture of their costumes, and to discern the strong family likeness between them. Some of the young scions wore their spurs, and were continually pricking the company; indeed a small war like to have ensued between two of the party, belonging to the York and Lancaster branches; an off-set of one having wounded a sprig of nobility just budding into flowerhood, young Moss Rose, all whiskered and moustached, by which he nearly lost a limb. There was Bridal Rose, she who married Count Le Marque, and his sister Souvenir de Malmaison,* of immense proportions; and the Baltimore belle, and she from Michigan, and of Burgundy, and the Hundred-leaved Rose; alas! what an elaborate toilet was hers. It was curious to see the effect of the entrance of this party upon many of the guests; some sneezed incessantly, some coughed, while tears came into the eyes of others, and many were seized with a deadly faintness. Daylily swooned outright, and died the next morning. Poor Miss Chamomile was trodden under foot and bruised dreadfully; when most opportunely arrived Mrs. Balm, a homely matron, but of an excellent heart. She came with her pockets full of nostrums and recipes of every kind. She professed to have a panacea for every wo, a balm for every wound; indeed a specific for all the ills flowers are heir to. She was assisted by Bindweed, a winsome country-lass, who plucked from the Cotton-plant and downy Thistle materials to stop the wound. The sensitive Mimosa shrank from the crowd, and recoiled with horror at the war among the Roses. And Monk's Hood, drawing his cowl more closely, turned his back upon the world and its vanities. In one corner of the parterre was a rustic group, fresh from the rural districts, people of solid worth, but of no pretensions to fashion. The MESSRS. Sunflower, tall, yellow, oily-looking fellows, who had a way of turning themselves to the light, as though to show their seedy faces; and gawky, stiff Misses Hollyhock, in their bran-new brick-colored dresses. A gossiping old couple, Mesdames Rue and Wormwood, sipping their tea, descanting upon the follies of the age, and making wry faces and bitter remarks of those who were more admired than themselves. And old Witch Hazel, quite disguised for these temperate days, with his bottle under his arm, labelled 'Pond's Extract,' just so as to deceive. Dr. Boneset was discoursing eloquently of herbaceous and deciduous plants, also advising his young friends Catnip and Spearmint to beware of juleps of all kinds; while hypocritical Bittersweet listened attentively with his face wreathed in smiles, intending to give a stab in the dark

* The largest rose known.

And there sat wise Mrs. Sage, and her niece Sweet Marjoram ; and gray-headed Old Man was mumbling soft nothings to bold Mary Gold ; they, with Crown Imperial, little knew the bad odor they were in with the rest of the company. The guests were nearly all assembled, when blue-eyed Forget-me-not timidly squeezed through the crowd, who very near crushed her with welcomes. The sentimental ones caught at her, and took bits of her dress to inclose to their sweethearts ; the bereaved pulled at her root and branch, to decorate the last abodes of their lost ones. And so Sweet-scented Shrub was picked to pieces in a jiffy ; the fact was, that she had been passing herself off under various aliases. Some knew her as the Strawberry Plant ; others, as the Carolina Allspice. She flourished best at the South ; but the Northern code of morality withered her, nay, absolutely froze her to death. And that little grisette, Mignonette, so dear to the Frenchman's heart, had no idea of wasting her sweetness on the desert air ; in she came, dragging after her prudent Pimpernel,* who had been eagerly watching the clouds, lest it should rain and spoil her new gown. The Aspens were tremblingly unpacking their trunks ; venerable Mrs. Century Plant declined on account of her age ; she had passed her 'silver wedding,' and was propping herself up for her golden one.

The family of Snap Dragons spitefully declined, because the noisy Rockets were invited, and the impudent Johnny-jump-up-and-kiss-me was there, and the Devil-in-the-Bush, and Spanish Bayonets, and the Maid-in-the-Green, and they'd warrant there would be plenty of Hips and Haws before the evening was over, for they had seen vessels of nectar and ambrosia sent in ; and for their part, they would n't be seen in such company.

At a late hour, desirous of being thought fashionable, draggled in Dew Plant, weeping bitterly — for she was drenched to the skin ; and Pond Lily came sailing in her broad green yacht, overpowering all by the combination of sweets she had about her person. Slender Miss Clematis made herself ridiculous by twisting and climbing about the whole time ; and with professions of undying, unchanging love, Amaranth stole away from the crowd ; and so did Holly, screaming at the top of her lungs : 'Merry Christmas to all !'

Pitch Pine, a great stickler for the proprieties of life, stood bristling in the ante-room, armed *cap-à-pie*, with his torch, ready to light the flowerets home. And Judge Fir, robed in ermine, was busy making a bon-fire of Coke, the light of which discovered indelicate Miss Ivy hugging and embracing every one she could cling to. Many foreigners graced the occasion. There was Paddy Shamrock, fresh from the Emerald Isle ; and there was the Marvel of Peru, and the Belle of Canterbury, and the Pride of India. General Magnolia and his staff, and young Cape Jessamine, of North-Carolina, the latter in lavender suit, with crimped edges, delicately perfumed. Squire Maple Sugar, from down East. Melancholy Mr. Cypress condoling with Weeping Willow, a grass-widow, with her weeds trailing on the ground in the most lugubrious manner ; and Mullen blistered you by his replies, so rough and brusque ; at which Mr. Hemlock shook his Socratic head.

* Familiarly called the 'poor man's weather-glass.'

Some came with gloves, and some without ; but that sly fox of a Digitalis wore his, and they nick-named him ever after, Mr. Fox-glove : and proud Mr. Lobelia stalked about the room, with poison written all over his face : rumor, however, said he was soon to become a Cardinal. The Poppys were lost to all sense of propriety : they nodded and yawned abominably, and fell without hesitation into the arms of Morphæus. And there were the Balsam* family, hopping and skipping about, as every one said, just to show their new slippers ; and pretty Polly Anthus was blushing because her connections, the Cowslips, would come : and they were laughing immoderately at a Coxcomb, drinking from a Gourd ; whilst Dragon Plant held over him a Golden Rod, just to nettle him. A large party from Mexico, glittering with scarlet and gold, made quite a sensation : the Cactus family, the Dahlias, and the Tiger Flower. There was also a family of Grasses, looking green and spindly enough, amid such a galaxy of beauty. There were Timothy Grass, a respectable farmer, and all his relations ; and a tribe from Seneca ; and they from the Prairies, with a graceful though antique feathery head-dress ; and, an immensely tall and formidable-looking couple from Florida.

The gray light of morning now dawning, dimmed the lamps of the Fire-fly and the Glow-worm. The Lunar-bow had dropped asleep over his cups ; and the Star of Bethlehem, shocked at the lateness of the hour, ceased to shed her beautiful light ; and the flowers and the vines and the shrubs, thus reminded of the conclusion of the festivities, one and all, scud to their homes, doffed their gay attire, closed their petals over their pretty forms, and sank exhausted in the beds which good mother Earth had provided for them. Nox covered them with his mantle, and tucked the little stragglers in, only to be removed at early dawn by Aurora's rosy fingers.

A N A C R E O N T I C .

TELL, tell me again and again that you love me !
 What mortal, from such lips, of such words would tire ?
 O eloquent eyes ! that like stars blaze above me,
 My heart will consume in your tear-wetted fire !
 Kiss, kiss me again and again !—thus to madness
 Who would not be thrilled by you, beautiful girl ?
 Soft bosom ! upon thee rest never a sadness
 More real than the shadow that falls from this curl !
 O cheeks ! so like opals, your dimples and blushes
 Are miniature goblets and heart-gushing wine !
 O mouth ! like the rose-bud, your dew is so luscious,
 I thirst, as the sunshine, to make it all mine !
 Thus, thus would I wish, as a bee in a blossom,
 Drink deep of the sweetness that's hid in thy breath !
 Thus, thus, with my head pillowed on thy white bosom,
 I'd wish to be found by the dark-angel, Death !

Memphis, (Tenn.), Feb. 1856.

C. M. D.

* The lady-slipper.

T H E S I R E N B E L L .

BY ANONYMOUS, ESQUIRE.

I.

I DREAMT that I heard a siren bell,
With a silvery echo clear,
And a musical cadence sad and low,
And a chime of tunes I did not know,
And I held my breath to hear.

II.

Marvellous sweet was this siren bell,
And my dreaming soul lay still,
As the sound of the bell came over the lea,
Chiming ever joyously,
Came chiming over the lea.

III.

It put me in mind of my distant home,
With the willows hanging low,
And the tinkling brook that ran in the shade,
And the trouts that fled from the shadow I made
To the darker gulfs below.

IV.

And it called to my mind a fair little maid
With a sweet little merry blue eye,
And a flood of streaming yellow hair
Falling down her shoulders bare,
As she looked up into the sky.

V.

A sudden fall in that siren bell,
And the wind lay still on the lea,
And again I saw that little maid
Gently in her coffin laid
In a grave-yard by the sea.

VI.

But ah! fond Memory, cease thy spell,
For sadness dims the dream,
And hush the voice of that siren bell
As it rings its music down the dell
And floats it on the stream!

VII.

But still rings on that siren bell,
And ever in the air
A choir of angel-voices seem
To mingle strangely with my dream
Of LEONORE the fair.

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women passengers.'

SHAKESPEARE, IMPROVED EDITION.

At the risk of being stigmatized by Young America as an incorrigible old fogey, I nevertheless feel called upon to confess that notwithstanding the constant clamor about the march of mind, the progress of the age, the glorious destiny of the race and all that kind of stuff, I often (especially when suffering from indigestion) seriously doubt whether, after all the fuss, this old world has n't, for the last six thousand years, like a cat in a fit, been diligently pursuing its own posterior: or in other words, whether that boasted air-line route to human perfection called progress, is really after all any thing more than a circular railway of long radius. There is certainly a most suspicious resemblance among many of the objects situated at distant intervals along the road, a resemblance so striking that it can be explained only on the circular theory above mentioned, or one very analogous, called the spiral railway hypothesis, which, upon further reflection, I am decidedly inclined to adopt, as it more fully reconciles the conflicting phenomena, accounting for the periodical recurrence of the same objects, and at the same time allows a slow but continuous advancement. Notwithstanding some of the towns along the line of the road have been re-christened, and many of the hotels and houses have been repaired and re-painted, evidently with a view to deceive travellers; yet they still retain so many of their original features as to make their identification sure if not easy. But what most thoroughly convinces me of the general truth of the spiral hypothesis is the remarkable reëappearance of similar styles of dress. If, however, the majority were distinguished for any thing more than their extreme absurdity and inconvenience, I would willingly reject my theory as untrue, rather than doubt for an instant the unimpeachable testimony of Lyceum lecturers and Fourth-of-July orators (those oracles of Young America) to the fact, that this is emphatically an age of progress. But really I find it impossible to make myself believe that whole nations, basking in the light of a Christian civilization, and distinguished for their intelligence and utilitarianism, would, for the mere sake of change, voluntarily adopt the most outlandish, inconvenient, and often immodest costumes, which their ancestors had previously tried and thrown aside, and at which they themselves had often laughed, wondering if it were possible that sensible people had ever worn them. If, however, there are any who can bring themselves to believe all this, which, indeed, on the rejection of the spiral hypothesis is the only alternative left them, they must also admit the following: That one nation learns nothing from the experience of another; that posterity repeats the follies and extravagances of its predecessors; that intelligent and immortal beings can, on the slightest provocation, make unmitigated fools of themselves, and that the way of fashion is more potent than the rule of reason. To admit such preposterous conclusions, so averse to the universal experience of

mankind, would, it strikes me, require an amount of credulity which is to be found nowhere beyond the precincts of a spiritual circle or the nursery. I had originally intended presenting, in this connection, an array of facts to substantiate my theory; but since writing the above, I have received a letter from my young friend, Dr. Jonah Pillgarlic, of Fashiondom, which goes so far toward substantiating the views I have just presented that I have resolved to omit my intended proofs, and substitute in their place my friend's letter. With many persons, doubtless, this epistle will have more weight than any thing however conclusive which I might myself say: and justly so, it being the testimony of a disinterested witness. I can assure the readers of this Magazine, on the honor of a gentleman-farmer, that the theory which has just been presented was perfected some time prior to the arrival of this letter, and has by no means so suspicious an origin as Judge Edmonds' celebrated vision of the lost Arctic. I would say for the information of my readers, that my friend the Doctor is a young physician who has just commenced practice in Fashiondom, and who, like the old man who lived on the top of a barren mountain, has great prospects, but mighty little income. His cases are as yet limited to his medicine-case, his segar-case, and the case of his pocket book: which latter was in fine condition on coming to town, being of quite a plethoric habit, but before long, in consequence of the imprudent indulgence in eating and drinking on the part of its owner, was seized with a kind of cholera morbus, and came very near going into a collapse state; of course it was left in a very exhausted condition: but a timely visit to the old homestead, and a liberal supply of country fare soon restored it to health, when in company with my friend it returned to the city. But as he is still destitute of *patients*, he has to be *patient* himself; so in order to relieve his ennui, and improve himself in his profession, he has attempted to kill time by writing me the following letter:

‘Fashiondom, Feb. 29, 1856.

‘MY DEAR RUSTICUS: As it's only once in four years that you can expect to receive such a letter as this, I advise you to hang up your agricultural implements, the shovel and the hoe, and as Shakspeare, Jr., says, ‘lend me your eyes’ for a short time. I know that, like the Allies, you are just on the eve of a new *March*, and are doubtless over head and ears in preparations for the spring campaign, whose object I am glad to know is not to raze towns and fortresses, but to raise potatoes and corn. But I doubt not that when you learn that it is the state (of mankind and the weather) that demands your attention, like Cincinnatus of old, or our revolutionary forefathers, you will without hesitation leave your plough in the furrow, and ‘put for the house,’ where you can peruse my letter at your leisure. As to the state of the weather, dear R., I am compelled to say that for the last month or so, it has been very unsatisfactory. It has really been so cold part of the time that fire would scarcely burn, and one night the mercury in my thermometer sank so far that it could n't find itself for two or three days afterward. On that same night, about two o'clock, I was awakened by a very singular sensation in my head and face, and on examination I found that as I had lain upon my back, with my mouth open, my breath in ascending

had become congealed by the intense cold, and falling back upon my face had formed a sort of miniature volcano of snow about my mouth, having a sharply-defined crater, from which rose a column of smoke-like breath. No wonder I had strange sensations after such an irruption. I have just set my thermometer at forty, and confidently await a thaw. It is said that there is an immense amount of capital, at present, invested in the numerous snow-banks established in this vicinity, which, however, do not seem to be in a very solvent condition, though it is thought that if sufficient time is allowed they will be able to liquidate. If, however, old Sol, who is constitutionally opposed to snow-banks, should happen to make a run on them, the prospects are that they will be entirely dissolved and go to pieces. It is certain that the rail-road companies have sunk a vast amount in some of them. But I must hold on, or you will think I deserve to be punished for getting up so many counterfeit notes on these said banks, especially as they are not very well executed. Having thus, at some length, discussed the weather, I will now give you a few rounds on the state of mankind in general, which is my second reason for requesting you to 'lend me your eyes.' I know, dear Rusticus, that you, who are a member of the Peace Society, and a universal philanthropist; you, who, for several years past, have been getting two dollars a bushel for your wheat, will rejoice from the very bottom of your boots to learn that the prospect of a speedy cessation of hostilities, and a consequent fall in flour, are exceedingly imminent. It is said that France and England are extremely anxious to obtain a peace. Of course this does n't mean a piece of Turkey; but what they are pleased to call an honorable peace, in which the several parties agree not to kill or rob each other again until — another war breaks out. I imagine I hear you say in your peculiar way: That this Emperor of Russia can't be no great shakes after all, as he must receive peace on the terms of the Allies; while you, who are only one of the private sovereigns of the West, intend, before long, obtaining *peace* on your own grounds. But, my dear friend, I have another and more potent reason than the state of mankind, why you should 'lend me your eyes.' After half-an-hour's deliberation I have at length succeeded in getting up several hours before breakfast, and this for no other purpose than to obtain leisure to write to you: because, you know, I am awfully crowded with business just now. I suppose you who live in the country, and pride yourself on getting up early, will regard my performance as no very great feat, unless I should tell you what you probably never heard before, that we, the people of Fashiondom, actually eat breakfast by *daylight* the whole year round. But to be serious, although we are accounted a pretty fast people down in this region, and probably sleep about as fast as you country folks, yet, strange to say, it takes us nearly twice as long to do it. In a biography lately published of the celebrated Dr. Hunter, of London, the author states as his belief that this distinguished physician died for want of a sufficient amount of sleep. It strikes me that if the converse of this should hold true, many of the dwellers in Fashiondom would stand a pretty good chance of an earthly immortality. Knowing, dear R., that, like Nebuchadnezzar and the cattle in your barn-yard, you are very much given to ruminating: and thinking that you would relish a slight change in your

diet, I intend sending you a few bundles of fodder, fresh cut from the fields of fashion. You have probably not forgotten that just about the time of your visit here some two years since, the downy fuzz upon the unsophisticated lip and chin of young Hyacinth Dandelion had, under the judicious cultivation of Prof. Tonsure, the most successful barber of Fashiondom, just begun to sprout, and was showing itself in scattered patches here and there, looking for all the world like a field of wheat partially winter-killed, or as you facetiously remarked, reminding one very forcibly of St. Paul's definition of faith, being the 'substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.' Well, judging from the luxuriant harvest of hair which now waves in bearded beauty on both shores of his mouth, I should think that in addition to Prof. T.'s assiduous efforts, he had faithfully applied that patent capillary invigorator, which you so kindly presented him, in order, as you said, to testify your appreciation of the great moral courage that young Hyacinth had exhibited in abstaining from a practice which would inevitably have led him into innumerable *scrapes*, and also to show the great interest which, as a country gentleman, you took in all agricultural pursuits.

'The beard epidemic, which was just commencing its ravages about the time of your visit, has since rapidly spread among all classes, except females and small boys. To be strictly truthful, however, I should state that several antiquated dowagers and single sisters have had slight attacks, which, being of a very mild type, readily yielded to a few depilatory powders. Although this disease has not generally been of a fatal character, yet I have heard of several instances in which the vitality of the system was so much exhausted by the successive draughts upon it to supply the requisite nourishment for the hairy excrescence, that fears are entertained that they will go into a rapid decline. I met young Adonis Daffodil the other day, and was shocked at his deplorable appearance. He was just able to creep out, and his complexion was about the hue of a cabbage grown in the dark, or, as the young ladies would probably say, most interestingly pale. Although the epidemic has not, as a general thing, produced such sad effects; yet, like a visitation of the small-pox, it has left unmistakable evidences of its presence on the countenances of its victims, so that one is scarcely able to recognize even his best friends, the face being, in many instances, almost entirely covered by a hairy veil, so that, like Eastern females, they show nothing but their eyes, which concealment of the features is certainly, in many instances, a most decided improvement. Not only has society in general been affected by the prevailing epidemic, but even the clergy, who were for a time proof against its insidious approaches, have, at last, caught the infection, and now no longer regard a smoothly-shaven lip and chin as an indispensable qualification for the sacred office, nor as a necessary accompaniment of orthodoxy. The Rev. Mr. Lavender, Rector of the Church of the Holy Fathers, who had, like the prophets of old, been tarrying at Jericho for a few weeks, startled his congregation from their accustomed state of drowsiness, by appearing before them, a Sabbath or two since, in a most exquisite mustache and a luxuriant beard. The ladies of course pronounced it most charming; while some of the old fogey members called the rector to account for thus in-

novating upon the established usages of the priesthood: to which remonstrance he replied, that he had been guilty of no innovation, but had merely restored a custom common among the clergy of the apostolic age, and which had the sanction of the Apostles and Fathers, as he was fully convinced by a close examination of their portraits.

‘Although it is some two years since you were in town, I suppose you have not forgotten that inconvenient style of dress, then all the rage among the ladies, and which you christened the inverted bloomer: saying that it reminded you very forcibly of the squaw who, to make her blanket longer, cut a piece from the top and fastened it to the bottom. Well; a short time after your departure I received a visit from a country-cousin, who for a long time, with lawyer-like pertinacity, and, I suspect, with lawyer-like sincerity, argued that this style, or rather condition of dress, was evidently the result of an accident; for, as he said, in every instance within the sphere of his observation, he had observed that the dress slipped from the shoulders of the wearer just in proportion as it dragged behind, thereby occasioning an exposure of the person which he felt certain the sensitive modesty of his countrywomen would never voluntarily have permitted, and could therefore be accounted for only on the supposition that some malicious or mischievous person had slyly placed their foot upon the dress while the wearer was in a sitting posture, and on her attempting to rise the dress was jerked from her shoulders, thereby causing it to drag on the floor. I humored my cousin in this conceit, and observed that his conclusion was partially correct, and that the person who was guilty of the sly caper was an individual of great notoriety, who moved in the upper circles of society, and was known as *Madam Fashion*. To this he replied, that he greatly wondered that such an unmannerly person had not been long ago excluded from all good society. This same *Madame Fashion* has, it seems, been of late engaged at her old practices. Ladies’ dresses, which for the last six or eight months have been gradually ballooning out, have now reached an amplitude that is truly astonishing, causing their occupants to assume an appearance strikingly reminding one of children amusing themselves in making what they call ‘cheeses.’ Why ladies should thus surround themselves with such an extensive system of fortification, I cannot conceive, unless it is in order to keep at their distance those bears of men, who, like their more savage cousins, the ladies affirm have a great propensity for hugging, to which the sex is conscientiously opposed: but, come to think of it again, I half suspect that these works have been erected as much for retaliation as for protection, in order thereby to be revenged upon the opposite sex for having permitted their beards to grow to such an extent as to deprive them of the luxury of kissing. I should state, however, that while the new style of dress produces a distortion of the female form which is entirely unnatural, except under peculiar circumstances, the beard is an appendage highly ornamental, useful, and natural; for we have every reason to believe that, had nature ever intended shaving to become one of the human institutions, Adam would doubtless have entered Eden with a brush in one hand and a razor in the other; but the only shave I ever heard of his having any thing to do with was when he became the successful competitor for the hand of Eve. The new style has spread with wonderful rapidity among all

classes of society, and is already producing its sad and legitimate results. I was much grieved to hear a few days since that one Biddy O'Flanagan, a washer-woman, who had hitherto sustained an unimpeachable character, beside seven small children and a drunken husband, had been convicted of petit larceny in abstracting the hoops from her employer's wash-tub, for the purpose of rendering her skirts more fashionable. By-the-way, dear Rusticus, do n't you think Biddy is in the direct line of succession from the old tub-philosopher, Diogenes, since she has shown so much philosophy in selecting hoops of a material that would resist not only the collapsing but also the aspiring tendencies of skirts. If it will not be too harrowing, dear R., to your sensitive feelings, I will give you, in as few words as possible, the particulars of another equally distressing occurrence which lately resulted from the immoderate use of hoops, and came within an ace of blasting for ever the prospects of one of our most deserving young men. I assure you that implicit reliance may be placed upon my information. It seems that the young man who became the victim of hoops, was quietly seated in the parlor of his boarding-house, when Miss A —, a young lady, who since the advent of leap-year had been paying him the most devoted attentions, called and requested the pleasure of his company to church. The invitation he accepted with becoming hesitation, if she would take a seat and wait until he could '*put on his things*,' promising that it should not take more than a minute. At the expiration of five, he reappeared, just as Miss A — was exclaiming to herself, for at least the sixth time: 'Well! I declare I never thought it took these men such an awful long time to get ready! Why, I could have dressed half-a-dozen times since he has been up-stairs.' The two immediately set out for the church, where, after considerable skilful manœuvring, they succeeded in ensconcing themselves in one of the narrow pews, which were evidently not constructed with a view to the accommodation of hoops. During the course of the first prayer, the young gentleman in moving his foot hit something which he supposed to be a hymn-book, and accordingly attempted to pick it up. Whatever it was, seemed to be strangely entangled in his companion's dress. Just at this crisis a sudden and confused movement was made by the proprietor of the dry-goods, and the appalling truth, like a thunder-bolt, burst upon his mind. Dropping the thing as though it had been the hoop of a lady's skirt, and bringing himself up with a jerk that knocked the head of a devout worshipper from its position on the back of the seat, he met with admirable composure the indignant glances shot from a brace of flashing black eyes, which would no doubt have annihilated any thing less substantial than a hundred-and-fifty-pounder. This little *faux pas* knocked all leap-year follies out of the heads of the lovers, and the young 'gent' accompanied the lady in silence to her residence, since which time he has not been heard of, and unmentionable fears are beginning to be entertained as to his whereabouts. Now, if you have no objection, I will take a somewhat different view of the subject, and consider the origin of the new style, or, rather, the revival of an old style, which was in vogue some two or three centuries ago. I must candidly confess, however, that this is somewhat of a poser, unless, perhaps, the sanguine hopes at present entertained in France, that the nephew of his uncle

will not be *compelled*, in view of state reasons, to commit his uncle's great sin, taken in connection with the old fable of the fashionable foxes, will justify an obvious conclusion. By-the-way, dear R., what's your opinion? Do n't you think, if my conjecture is correct, it is well for the world that Paris, and not London, is the metropolis of fashion? that her edicts are promulgated from the Tuileries, and not from Windsor? But as some considerable time has elapsed since your school-boy days, your memory may, perhaps, require a little refreshing as to the old fable to which I have just alluded. So here goes. It happened once that a certain Mr. Reynard, while peaceably engaged one night in his customary round of professional duties, was so unfortunate as to leave his bushy caudal appendage in a trap which had been incautiously left in the path which he had taken, to meet his evening appointment. Shortly after a grand convention of universal foxdom was held, which Mr. Reynard attended as a delegate. His change of toilette attracted general attention. Some of the members attempting to rally him on the brevity of his coat-tail, he effectually silenced and covered them with mortification, by tranquilly remarking: 'Why, gentlemen, this is the latest style. Pardon me; but I am surprised that you should not be aware that roundabouts are all the rage this season.' The mortified wits availed themselves of the first recess of the convention, and hurried off to their tailors to have their tails correspond to the new fashion.

'Since the introduction of this new style, or rather, as I have before remarked, revival of an old style, it has been quite a desideratum to discover some practical and efficient method whereby the skirt enlargement might, at the pleasure of the occupant, be so far reduced as to accommodate those exigencies of limited space which are constantly presenting themselves in churches, carriages, cars, etc. Much time and talent have already been expended upon this great subject, with only partial success. It has been proposed by some, to effect this most desirable object by elevating one side of the hoop. This, however, would occasion an undue exposure of joint No. 1, and exhibit to the public gaze an amount of embroidery never intended to meet any other eyes than those of its proprietor. Another plan, lately brought forward, by which the ladies will be able promptly to take in sail and pass the narrows, is the patent, self-accommodating, gum-elastic bag or skirt. It consists, mainly, of a cylindrical India-rubber skirt, which, by means of a small air-pump attached to the waist, can be inflated or exhausted at the will of the fair tenant. Although this plan has several important advantages over the preceding one, as, for instance, in cases of canal and steam-boat accidents, when it can be easily converted into a life-preserver, yet it has been found, on trial, liable to several practical difficulties which will in a great measure destroy its utility; and first among these, is the impossibility of making all parts perfectly air-tight. The sudden and disastrous collapse which would inevitably result from the slightest puncture, and the undue amount of time necessary to inflate it to a fashionable fulness, together with minor causes, have conspired to counteract its otherwise beneficial results, so that it is now no longer in vogue. In consideration of these facts, and commiserating the deplorable condition to which the sex was reduced, and impressed with the necessity of affording them immediate relief, I embraced the

noble resolution of employing a portion of my time and talents in endeavoring to ameliorate their condition. I have now been engaged for several weeks past in my labor of love, and being, to my great surprise and relief, entirely free from the interruption of professional calls, I have at length succeeded in perfecting an invention which I flatter myself will do more toward practically enlarging the sphere of woman than half-a-dozen conventions of the strong-minded. This will account for what probably at first seemed a very strange proceeding, namely, my being compelled to rise before breakfast in order to obtain leisure to write you this letter. But there goes the bell, calling me to the performance of that interesting duty, and I must defer until my next the description of my invention, as I had originally intended to do in this.

'My best love to your wife and family; and tell her that she may expect one of the first specimens of my invention; though I suppose you are such an old foggy, you will object to her wearing it; but if she is the true woman that I suspect, she will wear it any how, that is, if she is convinced that it is the fashion.

'With deep feelings of regard for myself, I remain as I always have been since I was christened,

JONAH PILLGARLIC.'

P A D I L L A .

FROM THE FRENCH OF HUGO.

THERE lived in Alanja the shady,
 (Young sparklers give ear to my lore,)
 A grave-eyed majestic lady,
 The Donna PADILLA DEL FLOR:
 Alanja, whose rock-piled recesses
 In copses are deeply embowered:
 Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
 The oxen come down to the ford!

The daughters of ancient Granada,
 The damsels of Seville likewise,
 Flash down on the gay serenader
 Bright glances from amorous eyes:
 Nay sometimes with favors more genial,
 They've blessed the bold swains who've implored:
 Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
 The oxen come down to the ford!

Not thus of the Lady PADILLA,
 The cloud of whose passionless eye
 Than winter's gray mist rested chiller
 On those who for glances would try.
 Deep, deeply her heart's dark recesses,
 With maxims of coldness were stored:
 Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
 The oxen come down to the ford!

The warm breath of love by congealing
Her heart's icy surface upon,
Sealed up every crevice of feeling
From love-sick Hidalgo and Don.
The smoothest might sigh for a whisper,
The boldest might sue for a word:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

In a convent of strong-built Toledo,
She took the white veil: people cried:
'Better far the black weeds of a widow,
Than *thus* the white veil of a bride!'
Pale students in sonnets enshrined her,
Pierce cavaliers drank and deplored:
Hide, hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

'Here, far from the world's weary phantoms,
How sweet HEAVEN'S grace to implore
With vespers and vigils and anthems!'
Said Lady PADILLA DEL FLOR.
'From spirits of darkness to shield us,
Good angels their wings will afford: '
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

But scarce had the Lady PADILLA
In cloistered retreat closed an eye,
When sudden there stood by her pillow
A bold outlaw, who cried: 'Here am I!'
In love as in war a bold ladron,
More daring may be than a lord:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

Oh! rough was the face of the robber,
And hard as a gauntlet his hand:
But of love who the clue can discover?
And the novice she loved the brigand.
The fallow-deer to the swart leopard
Her favors will sometimes accord:
Hide, hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

The sanctified portals flew open
To him when he came in the guise
Of hermit, with hair-cloth and cope on
O'ershading his basilisk eyes;
Or shirt of ring-armor, displaying
The Templar's black cross interscored:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

And the nun, for he came there to seek her:
Oh! dark is the legend to read!
At the shrine of the Saint VERONICA
To meet him at mid-night agreed.
Croak, croak! went the dusky-winged night-fowl,
Far up in the gloom as they soared:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

PADILLA, PADILLA, the maiden,
To cancel her records above!
By the chapel's blest shrine, and with SATAN,
Salvation to barter for love!
Till, paling the altar's dim tapers,
The broad lamp of dawn is outpoured:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

Low-crouched in the chancel, the novice
Was lisping her paramour's name,
When crash! to the voice of the lovers
The voice of the thunder-bolt came!
The doom of the blighted of HEAVEN
Was heard in the tempest that roared:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen rush down to the ford!

At eve, when the shadows are strewing
The hill-side, in day-light's last glow,
The shepherd, hard by the gray ruin
Two lightning-scorched turrets will show,
Whose time-crumbled shafts to his wethers
A treacherous shelter afford:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

When night through the gothic-faced gable
Peers out with her fathomless eyes,
Like twin-giants shrouded in sable
The lightning-scathed tower-heads rise:
And, croak! go the dusky-winged night-fowl,
Far up in the gloom, a dark horde:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

Then, forth from the gothic-arched hollows
A midnight procession up-glides:
A nun with a lamp; slowly follows
A phantom with skeleton strides.
Chains, heavily dragged, to their footsteps
Keep time with unearthly discord:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

The lamp comes, the lamp goes, the lamp brightens,
Now down in the dark vault it sinks,
Now quick past a grating it lightens,
Now faint from the watch-tower winks:
Its rays in the night-fog discover
The gestures of goblins abhorred:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

In winding-sheets dragged and torn,
A pale shade, a dark shade, they go
With wavering footsteps forlorn
Among the grave-mounds to-and-fro.
On stair-steps beneath them receding
They stumble, and on the grave-sward:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

For a spell on the ruins is biding :
Unreal are stair-case and floor,
Unresting the feet that are gliding
From bramble-grown vault to gray tower.
Old floor-planks beneath them are fading,
Old thresholds no footing afford :
Hide, hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford !

Low gasping, with murmurings hollow,
Their weird-hands out-stretched in the air,
On, on, in wild circles they follow
A maze-tangled pathway of air :
For ever each after each stalketh,
By stair-case and pavement and sward :
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford !

On the casement-panes fragile are beating
Sharp rain-drops, as mournfully sweeps
The wind through the cold vaults, repeating
A voice in the belfry that weeps.
Shrill laughs the foul goblin, loud moaneth
The spectre with anguish devoured :
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford !

Then oft, when the night-breeze has fallen,
A faint voice, a deep voice arise ;
'For ever this wo?' one is calling :
'For ever!' the deep voice replies :
'By Time's weary hand while the sand-falls
Alternate are drowsily poured :'
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford !

The flame it for ever consumeth,
Each night through the old manor-grounds
The black spectre glideth and gloometh,
The white lady walketh her rounds,
Till dim falls the glimpse of the tapers
By morning's pale lamp overpowered :
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford !

And when the way-farer benighted
Demandeth with prayer and with sign,
'On whom with its blast hath alighted
The wrath of the POWER DIVINE?'
Wreathed serpents of flame, interlacing,
Two names on the towers record :
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford !

'Recount in the convents, each morning,
While darkness the cloisters is o'er,
To novice and nun as a warning,
The fall of PADILLA DEL FLOR.'
Long years ago thus spoke the Prior
St. ILDEFONSE — blessed be the word !
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford !

D. S.

M O R P H I N O - S O M N I A .

DREAMS are sometimes the realities of life idealized. The mingled shade and sun-shine of our waking hours are projected beyond into the land of sleep, where the facts of day reappear in the revelations of night.

Dreams are sometimes the reveries of the day woven into substantial fabrics at night; the air-castles of the imagination petrified into solid material; the nebulae of the mind clustered into systems, geologized into worlds, vitalized into action.

Often than either, they are a medley of fact and fiction, a repetition of our sober waking sentiments spiced with sprinklings of a crazy fancy; a painter's outline filled while he sleeps, by the dashes of fairy pencils.

I was once lying in my cot prostrate with a fever, in the steerage of a man-of-war. I had been sick several weeks, had passed the crisis of unconsciousness, and was now recovering. My physican (HEAVEN bless him!) had taken the best care of me, and had prescribed no more panaceas than were absolutely necessary to the case, or would save the credit of the cloth. Among the drugs administered were opiates: and though the sanitary designs of their prescription seemed quite defeated as to any marked result, they certainly afforded me sufficient mental entertainment to compensate for the effort of swallowing them. They added little to the length or refreshment of my broken slumbers, but they gave a peculiar zest to my dreams, and peopled my dozing hours with familiar images of the past dragged to the light from long-forgotten sepulchres of memory. Philosophers may argue as they please; mathematicians may triangulate and cipher; anatomists may dissect and analyze; spirit-rappers may flourish their oracular gavels in the disorganized congress of Christendom to heart's content; it all matters not to me: my soporific discipline settled the question for ever for me; set my mind at rest beyond the shadow of a doubt as to 'the stuff dreams are made of.'

Under the drowsy influence of these narcotics I was visited by the famous, the witty, the brave, the good. Sometimes the poor and wretched grouped themselves around me, or the robber pounced upon me by the way-side, or the mounted Templar challenged me to joust at tournament. Sometimes my exhilarated fancy brought to me in my dreams the Great Mogul, with gifts of costly gems and the mockery of courteous obeisance; then as his glittering train disappeared I was bayed by dragon-headed dogs from whose gnashing teeth I vainly endeavored to flee. Once I was thrust from the summit of a lofty column, and fell a measureless depth, until, just in the agony of suffocation, I alighted in a stagnant lake where crawled and swarmed and gambolled all sorts of hideous creeping things and slimy shapes unutterable. Once I started upward to reach heaven on a bivalve ladder armed with spikes which closed and impaled those who were destined never to reach that better land; but before I was myself transfixed, the ladder faded into misty air, and I found myself still in this material world, swinging

in the same cot, surrounded by the same well-known paraphernalia of sea-life.

One afternoon having accomplished my allotted task of morphine, I lay thinking of my far-distant home, of which I had just been reading in a letter from the dear ones there, a letter often before read and of somewhat ancient date. The familiar faces of friends glowed and smiled in my memory as they had when I was once with them; their well-remembered forms flitted to-and-fro in the vista of by-gone happiness; their kind voices I could almost hear as they seemed to beckon me home. These pleasant thoughts beguiled the weary hours and went with me into my dreams; for the opiate began to eclipse my consciousness in a shade of drowsy mist, the steerage began to grow dark, the lockers and carlines began to assume strange, vague shapes, the laugh and repartee and confusion of distant talkers died away on my ear, my eyes insensibly closed, my limbs relaxed: I was asleep.

'Home, sweet home,' still haunted my brain. At first I thought I had already reached home, and had started again on my travels, in a most unheard-of vehicle, a sorry, paintless, springless thill-cart of one-horse-power, not quite so elegant as the chariot of Queen Mab, nor so fleet as the steam-driven conveyances of the nineteenth century. Was this the 'lame and impotent conclusion' of my long-anticipated happiness? Had I circumnavigated the globe to travel in a job-wagon? Alackaday! I jostled impatiently along in my unpretending equipage through unknown streets and lanes, along highways and over turn-pikes of which I had never before even suspected the existence, built I knew not by whom, leading I cared not whither. Suddenly a new idea popped its visage over the horizon of my reflections. My trunk! what had become of it? My valise! my travelling-bag! my hat-box! Alas! what a complication of woes! Gone! gone! gone! What! travel without baggage? Pray, what was I without my trunk? A waif, a thing, a cipher. But while my poor brain whirled with bewilderment, and I vainly endeavored to conjure up some recollection of the whereabouts of my missing *impedimenta* — *presto!* I was not in a horse-cart at all, but was thundering along through the echoing streets of a handsome city, in a coach all inwrought with gold and precious stones upon ground of ebony and sandal-wood, drawn by six Arabian steeds in rich caparison. We swept up to the door of a palace-like inn where the floors and tables were of fine marble and agate, the pillars of porphyry and costly wood, the railings, balconies, panels, of elaborate design and ornament, the furniture a dazzling compound of satin and damask, precious metals and foreign woods, the grounds around the edifice a long succession of gardens and parks with winding paths of shrubbery and groups of Parian statues — 'in short,' as Mr. Micawber would say, an extensive show-case of Honduras and Ispahan, Golconda, Mariposa, and Brazil. Bút away from here! hurrah! we are homeward bound! for with my carriage my destination had changed. We must away: they are waiting for me there! Away dashed the six prancing Arabians: away rumbled the coach at their heels; away melted the deceitful vision, and with it my hopes, my happiness, my joy. The horses lost their distinctness of outline and faded into thin 'airy nothings,' the coach

lost its lustre and slowly disappeared from my sight, the friendly phantoms which had been smiling and beckoning me home vanished in the distance, and I was alone once more, not in dream-land but in my steerage-cot, with the same deck-beams over-head, the same Chinese pictures and blue pea-jackets swaying on their hooks with the motion of the ship, the same dim air-ports admitting a faint glimmer from the setting sun, the same kind-hearted mess-mates sitting around me with their books, or preparing for their coming watch on deck.

'Sir! Sir! here's some medicine for you!'

'Ah! oh! what! another dose?'

'The doctor says so, Sir, if you please, Sir; it's only morphine, Sir.'

'Only morphine! bless his good, kind, medical soul — he'll make me a complete Rip Van Winkle, Jr. Give the doctor my compliments, and tell him to send all the morphine he has: I will take it all at once, and save you the trouble of — however —' down goes the potion with a groan and shrug, and the patient subsides into his swinging-couch.

Ah! how it tires the poor, weak body, and tests the fortitude of the poor, weak soul, to lie so many days and weeks and months in the eventless monotony of the sick-room. Yet what soothing conceptions of the better life, what blessed glimpses of that happy land where is no more sickness, sometimes rise upon the humble spirit when utterly unable to paint such glorious scenes by its own native but now prostrate strength.

Twilight was beginning to deepen on sea and sky. Within the steerage sombre shadows were flickering vaguely around, and the last light of day was making its evening adieu. My vision was again becoming drowsy, and the external world receding from my sight. I was once more within the magic circle of 'tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' my senses pleasantly paralyzed, my fancy busily alive with the memories of the past, and exhilarated by the fumes of the drug. I dreamed of a great house with pleasant parlors opening upon a verandah where trailing vines clambered up the pillars and crept along the eaves. It was evening. The rooms were illuminated. Here and there were grouped a few guests already arrived. Carriages, at intervals, rumbled to the door, and deposited their precious freight of friends. Now and then a spruce servant, charged with some weighty commission, flitted through the rear-passages or across the hall. I enter. Pleasant greetings from all sides — familiar faces turn toward me with kindly smiles; well-known voices tell me of hearty congratulations. Yes; it is all for me! I am to be married! *Married!* Ah! a happy man am I. Good and fair is the gentle lady who has intrusted her heart to my keeping.

But who are those other bride-grooms? I looked and saw two more: one a gentleman, the other a huge, brawny, black-bearded man, who looked as if a prize-fight were more congenial to his tastes than a wedding. We were all to be married at once, by the same clergyman, and in the same room.

Brightly the lights shone; merrily rang the halls with the welcomes of fair women and tall men who came to grace the ceremony. The man of prayer appeared in robes of office. The guests had all assem-

bled ; the rooms were calm with the hush of expectation. Why tarried the brides in their chambers ? The company grew impatient ; so did the grooms. ' We can wait no longer,' said the reverend : ' let us proceed.' With eager haste we took our places, each answering for his absent partner. And so we were married ! and so we received the hearty congratulations of friends ! Meanwhile the confusion of dressing had ceased above, and the three blushing brides made their appearance. Mine ! Ah ! what a fairy-like creature was she, with her slight form, and little hands, and blossoming cheeks, and pure white brow, over which clustered thick masses of chestnut hair. I advanced to greet her ; but the kind smile of recognition in her eyes faded as I approached, the rose grew dim in her cheek, the slender form grew more airy, and she melted before my eyes like a cloud in the summer sky. The guests disappeared, the lights burned down, the house itself vanished, and I was awake !

' Heigho ! a nice time I was having just then !' and I turned wearily over in my cot, sighed with pain and a sense of departed joy, and once more resigned myself to the will and pleasure of the potent drug.

As the scenes of dream-land again opened on my slumbrous vision, I was standing in a large building alone, when I was surprised and (though I would not have it get to *his* ears) by no means gratified by the arrival of a no less distinguished visitor than His Satanic Majesty, a very gentlemanly personage, in a fashionable suit of black. This most unexpected guest I accosted with all the urbanity I could, under the circumstances, command, and awaited the statement of his object in making such a premature call upon my humble self.

' I have come for you,' said he ; ' and for your friend Mr. ———,' (a brother-officer on board.) I must own I was somewhat startled by this demand, and felt in nowise inclined to leave the world in such company, at least without filing a *nolle prosequi*. With an effort to cover my internal trepidation with a coating of external *sang froid*, I set about discussing the merits of the case with my infernal but courteous interlocutor.

' It would be a pity,' said I, ' to take Mr. ——— so suddenly and without any warning. He does not expect you.'

' I am afraid it can't be helped,' was the terse rejoinder.

' It would rather detract,' continued I, ' from your well-known kindness, to take him off that way : it is hardly like you.' A gesture of impatience was the only reply.

' Beside,' I persisted, ' he's a married man ; has two or three children at home.' His Sable Highness listened.

' If you make them fatherless now, before he has any opportunity to make provision for them, they will soon die of sheer starvation. You can't think what misery it would cause.' My auditor began to look thoughtful.

' He's an excellent man ; has worked hard all his life ; and now I ask you as a reasonable—hem ! I ask you if he ought not to have some time to enjoy the happiness of his home before he leaves it for ever ?'

I stopped. His Majesty ruminated awhile ; and at last his Luciferian physiognomy lighted up with a stray beam of good-natured sunshine.

'I don't know,' was the reluctant verdict of his cogitations : 'I don't know : on the whole it's a hard case, as you say. I think I had better let him go ; and so I will call for you to-morrow.'

With that he took his leave. I had gained a reprieve for my friend ; but — 'he would call for *me* to-morrow !' My own case was as bad as before — worse, even ; since, having begged off my friend, I should have no *compagnon du voyage* in my to-morrow's journey to the infernal regions.

'To-morrow' came. I was standing by a working-bench in the carriage-house. Hark ! a rustling ! a strange sound as of some one coming through the air ! I looked around startled at the noise. It came rapidly nearer, and the gentleman in black stood before me ! Terrified at the suddenness of the apparition, I swung in the air the heavy implement I was using, and shouted : 'Not a step nearer, as you value your life !' — a cordial greeting, which the Tartarean prince received with a smile. I looked him in the face a moment, and laid the tool on the bench. He threw me, by way of mildly intimating his preference for a cessation of hostilities, a bunch of brimstone matches. 'Some you dipped yourself before leaving home !' thought I, as I picked them up. I cannot say that it was this most suggestive offering from the fallen Son of the Morning that reassured me, but certain I am that we soon became tolerably good friends, and sat down together to talk it over.

'You have come for me,' said I, with ill-concealed anxiety. His Majesty nodded.

'You have acted very kindly toward my friend Mr. ——. He is exceedingly grateful.' He looked, but said nothing.

'Can you show me the same favor ?'

'Never !' growled he with a diabolical energy that made me bounce from my seat.

'Why ? there is ——'

'It is no use talking — I advise you to be getting ready.'

'But,' said I, deprecatingly.

'Look here, now — you need n't argue the case. I am come for you, and nobody else.'

My visitor had to listen, however. He was in a country where freedom of speech was an inalienable right. Though he doubtless managed such cases much more summarily at home, yet now he was under a very different sort of jurisdiction ; so I poured into his unwilling ear a host of reasons on which I founded my objection to taking French leave of sublunary things. In fact I had no notion of making such short metre of my psalm of life. I told him of my youth, my schemes of usefulness and happiness, my long separation from my father-land, my earnest desire to see my friends once more. His Majesty submitted first angrily, then indifferently, then patiently, then good-humoredly, pleasantly, smilingly ! And finally, as a *corps de reserve* to my mustering logic, I brought up my grand reason, my finishing stroke, which actually carried his adamant heart by storm. 'I have been *married* but just now :

and to think of leaving my wife when I have only just begun to love her and make her happy —,

‘Say no more, my dear fellow, you’ve won the case.’

‘Hurrah!’ shouted I, tossing my hat and performing sundry intricate jigs on the carriage-house floor. ‘Your Majesty is a perfect brick, I clearly perceive!’ And we ratified the truce by a friendly grasp of the hand.

‘You have done me a very great kindness — how shall I ever repay it? Come along. I will introduce your Majesty to some of my friends.’

I led the way to the great house in which were the pleasant parlors opening upon the verandah, where trailing vines clambered up the pillars and crept along the eaves — the house in which I had, not long before, been married. We ascended the broad flight of stairs which led to the drawing-room above, where were congregated some twenty or thirty ladies from different parts of the world, and among them my wife, the rosy phantom who had faded before my eyes on the evening of the wedding. Into this roomful of sweets I ushered my friend ‘His Satanic Majesty, ladies.’ Such a rustling of silks at the announcement, such a bustle of pleased surprise, such an interchange of smiling looks, such nods and courtesies of recognition! One would have imagined a more agreeable addition could not have been made to the company; and I marvelled not a little to see the Prince of Darkness and the ladies on such good terms. They must have met before!

My Tartarean guest did not long grace the drawing-room with his presence. He was probably unused to breathing the same atmosphere with such beings, and was in danger of suffocation from the action of a pure, unsulphureous element on his volcanic lungs. As he bowed himself out I accompanied him to the door, and bade him a hearty farewell: sure there never was a heartier. He departed as he came, and, in the words of honest John Bunyan, ‘I saw him no more.’ The ladies, the drawing-room, the verandah, the carriage-house, vanished together, and I awoke once more to a dreary sense of pain, languor, loneliness, and morphine.

SONNET.

‘*UBI PLATO, IBI PHILOSOPHIA VERA.*’

Out from these fetters wherewith I am bound,
 I cry for rescue: my tired spirit pleads
 Against this starving slavery of creeds,
 And mourns its freedom lost, in grief profound:
 Alas! what prison-walls my soul surround!
 Once, in unrest, I sought fair-seeming schools;
 But there Authority supremely rules;
 And sullen Doubts crouch, muttering, on the ground;
 While buffoon Dogmas mimic hoary Truth.
 From this dull bondage is there no release?
 Down in despair must all my hopes be frowned?
 Can I not win again my golden youth?
 A presence answers: Now my soul has peace;
 In PLATO’S muse divine, deliverance is found.

C. H. F.

Augusta, (Maine.)

I N T H E W E S T .

BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

I.

Close the book, the twilight deepens; though the poet's song is sweet,
Sweeter still the silence broken only by your heart's low beat:
See, the flowers your hands have tended tell us that the day is done,
From the dewy darkness folding up their blossoms one by one:
Rather would I wait to hear the words unspoken by your tongue
Than to list the grandest numbers that the poet ever sung.

II.

Here at least our life is real, the mask is stripped away
That from our very selves had hid our hearts but yesterday:
Who would dare, while Nature watches with her calm, unsleeping eye,
To crowd a life with words and deeds, and every one a lie?
Or to sleep beneath these silent skies and dream of the deceit
That, shadow-like, through all the day, had followed at his feet?

III.

Your hand in mine is lying; 't is not as soft as when
Its whiteness knew no toil then but to dazzle idle men,
Or to bend its listless fingers o'er some endless 'broidery task,
Or to be touched by lips that dared no more in life to ask:
But since those days I've seen it hold with nervous grasp the rein,
And guide the fiery prairie-steed that champed the bit in vain.

IV.

You smile: I know you think of that long-vanished night of song:
'T was to see you, not to listen, I was in that simpering throng:
There you sat, to me the fairest in that gay and glittering ring,
And the Queen of Song was singing, but I did not hear her sing:
I only saw those eyes, that had a glance for all but me:
Only heard my heart's fierce question, 'Can it ever, ever be?'

V.

Shall I grasp my gun to-morrow in the gloves that then I wore?
Will my aim be surer if I take the glass I idly bore?
Could the trifter that was near you, whom you seemed to love so well,
Follow on the trail I followed where at last the panther fell?
His garb was of a soldier — I would he had been here
When you brought to me the rifle when the Indian band was near.

VI.

Dear Wife, I know your loyal heart, those days were not for you;
In the stifling air of Fashion, still you pined for something true:
All the glittering gauds they gave you could not buy your noble soul:
Here it grows in God's own image, free from aught but His control:
Let them dwell within the city, still its cringing slaves to be:
Our home is where the heavens are clear, our loving hearts are free.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

FRIENDSHIP.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

It was to keep me from evil that I was secluded from companionship; but the eternal bondage of the soul is far less possible than that of the body. A human heart must have sympathy. Why will parents and guardians so often deny themselves the sweetest of earthly pleasures, the refreshing of the spirit, from the fulness of childish joy, and the softening influence of the tale of childish sorrow? But 'they do not know, therefore they must be forgiven.' There was nothing my stately aunt so longed for as this same childish love; none felt more keenly the desolation of the spirit than she who, widowed and childless as she was, repulsed the orphan heart that would have clung to her, and pronounced it cold and selfish, while it was burning and bleeding and bursting with its sense of wrong and unappreciated tenderness. What words of reproach and hatred and bitterness sometimes came to my lips, which were subdued by the thought of their wickedness, and the thought, too, of the strength of that unbending nature, inspiring me with a sort of awe and reverence for a kind of excellence which it was impossible for me ever to attain.

It is the duty of children to love their parents, she would say; 'the mother should be the daughter's confidante; in a sad way she is when there is any thing in her life or heart she is not willing her mother should know.' Then would be added that she stood to me in the light of a mother. I had no other. That it was my duty thus to regard her. That I ever should, I knew to be impossible; and while knowing that, I was not to blame. I yet had a consciousness of guilt that added to the weight which was ever oppressing me.

To throw it off, to rebel, to flee, were thoughts often suggested; but the first attempt to dissent from an opinion frightened me from every thing but abject submission. Then came the temptation to conceal, to deceive, to be a hypocrite; and though I never resolved with the definiteness of a settled purpose, these became the result.

A cousin was not, and could never become a lover; but he was not the less a forbidden pleasure. The widowed mother of Edward B—— removed to our village for the purpose of securing the advantages of academical and collegiate study for her son — and he was my cousin. We met as children, and talked as children, and should never have thought of being aught else, had it not been suggested by her, who seemed to think boys and girls and men and women were born to be to each other evil, and that continually. She had no conception of innocence or purity; she had no conception of intellectual and sentimental enjoyment, that would not degenerate into corruption.

We being relatives, and they being strangers to all others, the mother

and son came often to our house ; and there must have been a peculiar repulsion not to have sprung up a strong attachment between a youth who had no sisters, and no knowledge of the world, and a dreamy girl who had not a friend or single object of interest, and whose soul-want was a hunger like that of the starving beggar.

We soon understood each other, and the consequence was a revelation, for the first time, of the sort of slavery in which I lived ; an unburdening of the spirit, which seemed to give me wings, and also to enable me to endure with a new strength.

But ours were all stolen sweets : and though at first we made no concealment of our mutual interest, it must be concealed or it must be abandoned. We were not allowed to meet except in the presence of others ; and no household or social duty was ever so imperative that my aunt did not leave it, to afford us the guardianship of her presence : and her eyes and ears were the manacles of our tongues and the mill-stones upon our hearts. She would imagine at one time that we were planning an elopement, the terrible consequences of which would so madden her brain that she seemed threatened with all the horrors of insanity, when the real purport of our intimacy would, perhaps, be some ideal perfection in mental improvement.

Many a humorous sally did my cousin attempt to allay her fears, but they were never allayed ; ' she knew what people were made of,' and all she could not bear to see she knew must be evil. To ride, to walk, to talk were positively forbidden ; so we resorted to the only remaining way of communicating thoughts — we wrote : but letters were not to be trusted to post-masters or carriers of any sort ; we must contrive a way of interchange of which there was no possibility of betrayal. He was allowed to bring me books, which I was allowed a limited time to read, after they had been duly inspected and found to contain no deleterious sentiments.

' Necessity is the mother of invention,' and nothing develops any faculty like the exercise of it. The letters must be exchanged, and there must be devised a way of doing it. So after due consideration it was found necessary that the books should have thick double covers, that no harm should come to them ; and even foolscap sheets, if thin and carefully folded, caused no protuberance upon their sides. If carefully sealed, too, there could be no pretence for reading them, and no suspicion of treason. Many a time they remained unripped of their precious contents for days and nights before I was long enough alone to feel safe in venturing upon the process of unsealing and securing my treasures. Yet for many months they were the only food of my soul-life, and so skilful and careful I became that my countenance betrayed not the effects of my happiness. If a lighter beating of the heart, and a quicker step had revealed some hidden joy, there would have been a double surveillance to ascertain the source, and brand me with ingratitude.

Though in the same village, Edward's home was beyond walking distance from mine ; and oftener than I my aunt took her way to the widow's cottage, and was always, on such occasions, burdened with the loaned literature : and though it was with a terrible consciousness of

its wickedness, we did not hesitate to make her the bearer also of our more important dispatches ; and her reticule was the temporary repository of many an epistle which would have condemned the author to something worse than imprisonment and the stocks, had it come to her knowledge ; though there was nothing in them which might not have been published in the paper which boasts its circulation of fifty thousand readers, if those readers had any appreciation of the beauty of childish trust, and the purity of a love that had never dreamed of aught an angel could not bless.

I had an only brother, as I said : but since our first separation we had not met, and our correspondence had consisted of a few laconic epistles such as a merchant's clerk might be supposed to write from a distant country village to one he scarcely remembered, and toward whom he had no affection except such as is usually imposed upon families to be their duty to entertain toward kindred ; and though I often felt that a brother would be a blessing beyond price, any thing memory had treasured of mine, never led me to imagine that his presence would add to my happiness.

But when he had served his apprenticeship he was to be transferred to the great city, and on his way he was to call upon me. One summer evening while strolling listlessly up the garden-lawn, there appeared before me a manly, graceful youth, who struck me at a glance as invested with something of my ideal of beauty. My brother ! I exclaimed : and the first impulse was to rush to his arms ; then the paralysis which always came over me when prompted to yield to enthusiasm, restrained me — the feeling that I must not manifest emotion — and a cold clasp of the hand was our only greeting. But he too had felt the want of companionship, the need of another influence than that of the calculating and the mercenary ; and with a tinge of romance in his nature, was all ready to take a sister to his bosom and cherish her with idolatry.

I had read, not in romances but in more serious books, of the holy influence of sisters, the dangers of young men, and the necessity of loving-kindness to soften and ennoble them ; and with something of the spirit of the days of chivalry, resolved to be a heroine — to live a romance.

Love had never any thing like mushroom growth in my heart ; it must be nurtured in order to exist, and for my only brother I did not at first feel any strong affection, but a determination to love him, to watch over him, and be to him mother, sister, and friend — a guardian angel. The city where he was to dwell was not far off, while I remained with my aunt ; and he came often to spend a day, a week, and sometimes a month. There could be no possibility of wrong in such a friendship ; and we were allowed to ride, to walk, and talk — though the permission to write was no more freely granted than it had been to my cousin ; and we were not exempt from espionage when together. My aunt now did not hesitate to express openly her grief that I should so love another ; and thus obliged us, in her presence, to forbear all fond caresses, and to conceal from her, too, the depth and strength of our attachment.

If she over-heard us in some earnest and playful conversation, that indicated the *abandon* we felt in each other's society, she would find some pretext for needing my assistance, and in bitterness exclaim : ' You seem to have undertaken to make me miserable.'

Instead of entering into our joy, and becoming a sharer in our youthful and romantic visions, she only allowed her heart to fester anew with the gangrene of envy, and seemed to think happiness of any kind in others was a plot to destroy her own. But here again it must be said, ' she did not know, and therefore must be forgiven.' It may not have been her fault that she could not understand hearts. She had no key with which to unlock them ; she had not the power to win them ; and could not take them by force. I pitied her almost as much as I pitied myself.

I was older now, and could not upon any reasonable pretence be so entirely shut up from the world. I was allowed sometimes to spend a day or an afternoon with friends ; but this involved the necessity of inviting friends to return the visits, and the mental pillory in which I lived made this only an additional crucifixion.

Conscious of the disadvantage to which I appeared, and taking no real pleasure in an intercourse so restrained, I avoided acquaintances. My taste, too, was of the exclusive kind, which cared not for variety ; and though I could not receive private letters, the vigilance of a regiment, with the eyes of Argus, would not have prevented my writing them, and I had now three sources of consolation.

I had no school-girl friendships ; my attachments were to the strong, for I was weak. My only other confederate was an aged lady who lived by herself, independent upon a small income ; and though never married, and never accustomed to children, was gentle and sympathizing without countenancing evil. On her bosom I wept ; to her were confided the letters which no key in my premises could secure from inspection, and yet which I could not destroy. In her little room, with one whom age and sorrow might have made excusably dull and misanthropic, I indulged in something of the freedom and joyousness of childhood. She did not ask my confidence, so I gave it without reserve. By a sort of intuition she understood the necessity of my stratagems, and required no explanations ; allowed me to be foolish because I was a child, and did not attempt to reform me by any steam-power process, but was willing time should have the credit of perfecting me in gravity and wisdom.

Since my brother had been in the city I had often asked permission to go there for another visit to my many city cousins, and my father had given his permission when my aunt should think best. The time when she should think best, it seemed to me, would never come, and I am not sure that it ever did ; but she granted a reluctant consent after a weary time of waiting, and we set about the necessary preparations.

I had never been allowed to make purchases for myself, and now that she was unable from recent paralysis to accompany me on shopping expeditions, I felt sadly the want of that judgment which can never be strengthened and matured without exercise, and every day returned with some article which was sure to be condemned for its un-

suitableness, and for the selection of which I was reproved as severely as if I had committed some flagrant crime.

I had never been intrusted with money to spend at my discretion, and of course when discretion came to be needed I had none. Never having been allowed to gratify my taste in the choice of colors, or figures, or even to consult my fancy in the articles to be worn on any occasion, taste and fancy had remained dormant, and could not start into perfection in a moment.

I had stood like a statue to be dressed for church every Sabbath since I had dwelt under Aunt Quimbleby's roof, and never ventured into the street or into the parlor of an afternoon till I had been inspected like a bale of goods, and felt very much like one, as I turned round and round for every fold and ribbon and knot to be scanned by her scrutinizing eye. I had learned to sew ; but my invention had had as little exercise as my taste. To fit or fashion the slightest article of my wardrobe would have been an impossibility.

I was a thousand times pronounced stupid and provokingly heedless ; and strange it appeared to her who reproved me, that her words only added to my dulness. If her perception had been quicker, or of a different kind, she would have discovered the true cause ; but any remonstrance from me would only have brought upon me the additional charge of obstinacy and conceit.

I was painfully conscious of my stupidity, and not less painfully conscious of the cause ; but now I was looking forward to change : the clouds were for a moment lifted and light appeared, and with my thoughts on future happiness I could endure any amount of present misery.

But, as in many other cases, while appearing to yield, and to acquiesce in opinion, I was secretly having my own way. After she had directed how to have an article made, I directed it to be altered, or quietly taking it to the house of my good friend, Aunt Miriam, altered it myself, packing it away as soon as finished that it might escape inspection.

But joy is careless, and no wonder that my first experience in it should put me off my guard. I was detected in a deliberate and studied disobedience and deception. It was not the first by me ; but my sin now was in being found out. But joy had also given me strength. I knew the first moment of discovery what I had to expect, and determined to try resistance. I had a brother now, and to him and Aunt Miriam I had confided my stratagems and deceptions, and received no rebuke. I had, too, a hope of release. A little joy had given me a capability of anger, which it was really a long time since my crushed spirit had been capable of feeling.

I was summoned to the presence of the offended woman, and for a moment stood as a culprit before her.

'You have disobeyed me and deceived me ?' she said, inquiringly.

'Yes.'

'With all I have done for you, all I have loved you, all I have believed you ——' and here she stopped for breath ; then growing frantic with the thought of my degeneracy and perverseness, and the thought,

too, of how she had been indulging the belief that her peculiar discipline had actually subdued and perfected me, and now must, perhaps, feel self-accused, she lost all self-control, and exclaimed : ' A hypocrite, an ingrate, a heartless, unprincipled wretch ! ' and she stamped her foot in rage ; then heaped upon me another load of epithets, saying it was the last she should ever do for me.

Here I interrupted her with saying : ' It is the last I wish you to do for me. I have been a slave long enough. I had already resolved to endure it no longer. You have crushed the life out of me ; made me almost a fool. Love ! love such as yours is worse than hatred. I have disobeyed you, to be sure, and deceived you : but without sin. I am old enough to judge for myself — to use the faculties God gave me ; if you do n't allow me to do it openly, I must do it secretly. Henceforth I am free : but this is not saying I intend to sell myself to sin ; I will do right — but I will do it of my own accord, and be my own judge.'

I had spoken rapidly but coolly, though nothing but anger could have emboldened me. Every expression and implication fell upon her like a thunderbolt ; and seeming, as it did to her, ingratitude and falsehood from one toward whom she thought she performed every duty, and thought, too, she loved as with a mother's fondness, was like a viper's sting. Her passion was spent, and she burst into tears. ' For all these years of anxiety and sacrifice, this is my reward.' It was almost like a death-throe, and I felt like falling at her feet and imploring forgiveness. But it would have been folly scarcely less weak than for the slave to return to his master, because accused of ingratitude in asserting his freedom.

My sense of right and justice bade me remain immovable. A little taste of independence and self-reliance had had the effect upon me that a little knowledge does upon the degraded bondman. The mind and soul had a little of elasticity and could not return to servility ; so the gushings of pity and affection were kept back, and I looked coldly upon a suffering I would have died to spare her ; and she went out crouching as if leaving a world of wo.

This was an end to my preparations and to my city visit. My brother came for me, but I did not go ; and during the week he remained with us my aunt was sick, and the office of director of affairs devolved upon me. True to my resolve I exercised my judgment, and did as I pleased. I walked and rode, invited company and went out ; always keeping within the bounds which a considerate and proper indulgence should have allowed me.

The spirit of freedom was exhilarating ; but the spirit of defiance kept up the feeling of guilt, which with the real love that dwelt in my heart for one who had done so much for me, and who meant always for the best, was continually at war with the sense of justice. Alas ! if I had known how soon an invisible hand was to free me, how willingly would I have suffered ten times more, rather than inflicted upon her a pang.

A few months we lived on, but without the return of even the old cordiality. The old, stately woman moved about more cold and stately,

and the old routine had a more formal and chilling grandeur. But though miserable, I affected cheerfulness ; and ventured upon many pleasures which had in them no real attraction, merely to try my strength. No questions arose ; no further disputes : nothing but the formalities of speech necessary to keep up appearances ever passed between us.

The excitement of studying her pleasure, and avoiding her displeasure, kept me from the listlessness and indefinite longings I afterward experienced ; and that in these life's object was not entirely fulfilled, scarcely occurred to me.

But very suddenly came the change that was to introduce me to new scenes, though no evil ever happened to lead me to recur to the past with a sigh for its return.

'It is almost as wicked to make a gloomy home as a wicked one,' says a wise man : and may those who have it in their power to fill with clouds or sun-shine the place where young hearts are to expand, be careful that light and not darkness surround them.

After the first stroke of paralysis, there was ever a terrible fear in the mind of the sufferer that it would be repeated, and the third would certainly dethrone her reason or cause her death. She did not wait for this : the second prostrated her upon a dying-bed, and ere my father could obey the summons which called him to her, life had ebbed.

She died, and made no sign ! Every waking moment I hovered over her couch to watch for a gleam of returning consciousness, that I might speak the grief I felt, and hear the words of reconciliation ; but in vain. Neither eye nor lip acknowledged the presence of living being more.

I wept ; there were many reasons why I should, though I did not pretend to the sorrow of those who mourn that

'TRUE hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown.'

I wept : for it is always sad to look on death — always suggestive of broken ties and change ; of 'passing away.'

A pompous funeral, according to the fashion of the olden time, gave all outward indications of honoring the dead ; the arrival of friends and relatives, a few days of bustle and confusion engaged us, and we were again alone. Though she was gone, I could not overcome the terror I had felt so many years at the lifting of a latch, or the sound of a foot-fall. But I had good reason for burying the long and bitter past when I found the remembrance which had been made of me in the last will and testament. She had constituted me sole heir of all she possessed ; and during all that period of estrangement, she had not blotted out this proof of her confidence and love. She had, indeed, considered me capable of self-reliance, and unlimited trust ; yet not till her death would she manifest it.

It was not a princely fortune of which I was made mistress ; yet it was mine ; and while she lived, not a penny did my purse ever contain with the permission to spend it at my discretion.

Now came the question of settlements and arrangements ; what I should do, and where I should go ; and I began again to realize

‘How vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair.’

I had really been so foolish as to plan to remain in the house where I had lived so long, and constitute myself sole mistress of the premises and my own affairs. I was still young, and sadly deficient in many of the qualifications of housekeeper and manager ; but I had the vanity to think I could soon accomplish myself, while it never entered my head that to my plans there could be any other objection.

But my father knew very well, and in consternation exclaimed : ‘Stay here alone ; impossible ! What would the world say ?’ These were considerations which I had not weighed, for I had seen so little of society that I scarcely knew its rules. But I have learned since, and learned too what sort of morality it glosses with its matronizing and chaperoning ; how the heartless and frivolous and false are screened by escorts, and while conforming to conventionalities, revelling in sin.

But I had neither inclination nor strength to defy the world, and saw my bright visions dissolve and my fairy castles levelled without resistance. I must return to the home of my childhood, to which I had no attachments, and resign myself to a life of dreariness. My father had commenced house-keeping again, with a distant relative, a sort of cousin, for directress in the household economy ; so that I should be entirely relieved from care, and have nothing to do but go on making embroidery for amusement ; reading, if I could get any thing to read, and hope to get married, and dream about it for a subject of interest.

‘This is the lot of woman.’

This I had been taught by every precept and example ; by every book and newspaper I had read, and these were certainly of the most sober and approved kind ; but I had been taught as thoroughly that it would be very indelicate to confess it ; and that which alone could afford aim and object in life to woman ; that alone which was her proper sphere, she must even deny that she ever wishes to obtain. And however perseveringly she may persist in the denial, with whatever falsehood she may stain her lips on this subject, it is no sin in the eyes of the world.

But to think that the house which was now my own ; the garden, the orchard, the little grove, and the strips of meadow-land must be sold, and fall into the hands of strangers ! My father said the income of it, if converted into money, and put at interest, would yield me much more than the rent I could obtain ; and as I was a young girl, ignorant of business, and lamentably ignorant of money matters, my remonstrances were vain.

Again and again I visited every loved and cherished spot, and thought how I might beautify and adorn the grounds ; how I might fit up the old castle of a house, and how cozily and independently I might live there, with two of the old servants who would serve me till death for the love they bore me ; how I would exercise hospitality, and with

some congenial companion introduce life and gayety where there had been so long a stillness worse than death, inasmuch as a skeleton is a more unseemly vision than a corpse.

Submission was not so difficult as if I had never learned the lesson ; and however sharp the pang and bitter the tears this sorrow caused, I made no demonstrations of rebellion.

In a little time the thoughtless crowd was gathered in the shadows of those green old trees, and the hammer of the auctioneer was heard in front of that quiet old hall.

It was finished — all was still ! I wandered once more through those empty rooms, wept at the remembrance of the past, and in more bitter agony as I thought of the future ; and left, never again to listen to the echo of footsteps within its walls.

STANZAS: A SCENE OF LIFE.

UPON the eastern sky,
AURORA doth with magic fingers trace
Rich streaks of purple, gold, and crimson dye,
Which in their soft and glowing tints defy
All human skill and grace.

Bathed in the flood of light
The red sun rises with the opening day,
Parting the shadowy curtains of the night ;
And as he onward travels in his might,
The bright clouds fade away.

So in our youthful dreams,
The star of Hope that rises at our birth,
At first with such a dazzling radiance gleams
That to the bounding heart almost it seems
Too glorious for earth.

But dreams fade one by one,
E'en as the clouds that in the morning-dawn
Do but reflect the brightness of the sun,
And even while his race is just begun,
The glowing hues are gone.

Yet Hope's sweet star may light
Our way, with radiance clearer than before ;
For it shall glow far more serenely bright,
And shine by FAITH throughout the darkest night,
Increasing more and more.

Till, as at twilight hour,
The setting sun doth calmly pass away,
So may *we*, strengthened with a heavenly power,
Sink to our rest, as Death's dark shadows lower,
And rise to endless day.

MAY.

MY STUFFED OWL

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY

IN the long and quiet evening,
While a storm of snow in *ARIES*,
Bowing low the drooping branches,
Whitened every roof and pavement,
I had weary grown with reading,
And the deep, unbroken silence
Settled heavy o'er my heart-strings.
Then I laid the book beside me,
Mused amid the glimmering lamp-light,
Gazing on the wall and pictures
Till the reverie was broken,
Lonely reverie, as I deemed it,
By two eye-balls glaring on me,
Round, unwinking in their sockets,
Eye-balls of the bird of *PALLAS*,
Of the great white bird of *PALLAS*,
Seated on my parlor-table!

When I last had looked upon him
I believed him gravely gazing
On the wealth of green-house flowers
That beneath him, in their vases,
Grew and flourished, fresh with fragrance.
He had seemed to make a neighbor
Of the jonquil and the crocus,
Hyacinths in pink and purple,
Hyacinths in blue and saffron;
Orange-trees, and sweet *Ilissus*,
And the cyclamen of Persia,
Folding back its snowy petals
With a sort of graceful gladness,
Like an innocent white rabbit;
He, my Owl, methought had viewed them
With a patronizing pleasure,
And I started at perceiving
Fixed on me those grave, round eye-balls,
As if curiously inquiring:
'Are you thinking of your daughter,
Thinking of her recent bridal,
And the happy home she maketh
For her chosen life's companion?
Are you thinking of the music
That from yonder shut piano
She, with fairy, flying fingers,
Used to summon forth to cheer you?'

Then methought those large eyes twinkled
With a pitiful emotion;
And, as sympathy is precious,
Even from unexpected quarters,

Even from most inferior creatures,
 Quick I drew my seat beside him,
 Laid my hand upon his shoulder,
 Softly said : ' My Koko-Koho,*
 Sing a song, or tell a story,
 To amuse my lonely hearth-stone ;
 For the hearth-stone must be lonely
 Where is neither son nor daughter,
 Face of youth, or voice of infant !'
 Though, in truth, that term of *hearth-stone*
 Now is obsolete and ancient,
 And the most correct cognomen,
 Howsoe'er the poets murmur,
 Should be *register* or *furnace*.

Then his snowy moustache trembled,
 And from out that beak majestic
 Came the strangest elocution,
 All monotonous and inbred,
 (Not like that which in my childhood,
 When a guest at quaint, old farm-house,
 Used to scare me from my slumbers—
 Hideous hooting of a screech-owl,)
 But monotonous and inbred,
 Perched upon my parlor-table,
 Thus intoned the bird of PALLAS.

' Where the rugged coast of Plymouth
 Battles stoutly with the ocean,
 In a hollow, doddered oak-tree,
 Like a Druid I was nurtured
 In the wisdom of my people,
 Wisdom that hath made them sacred,
 At the shrine of great MINERVA.

Musing in my studious cloister,
 Oft I listened as the oak-tree
 When the west wind stirred its branches,
 Lectured to its merry leaflets
 From the annals of its childhood :
 ' I remember, I remember,'
 Thus it said in tones maternal,
 When the ' May-Flower,' the explorer,
 Small and brown, and tempest-beaten,
 Landed on yon rocky bastion,
 All New-England's solemn fathers.
 I have heard the first-born echo
 Of their axe amid the forest ;
 Heard their hymns of mournful cadence,
 When the winter and the famine
 Smote them in their earth-floored hovels.
 I have looked on saintly CARVER,
 Heard the prayers of Elder BREWSTER,
 Seen the stalwart form of STANDISH,
 And sweet ROSE, his blue-eyed consort ;
 Seen the WINSLOWS and JOHN ALDEN,
 And the plumed and painted chieftains,
 Gazing on the pale-faced strangers

* Indian name for the owl.

Who from their own lands should sweep them,
Like the mist when day ariseth.

Five times twenty and one over,
Were there of those pilgrim-settlers:
Three days ere the holy Christmas,
Nine days ere the infant morning
Of the year M - D - C - X - X ,
Came those fathers of New-England,
Planters of a mighty nation,
To the snow-clad beach of Plymouth.
Learn the dates, my dearest children,
History is but lame without them ;
Do not say they 're dry and useless,
That 's the talk of idle students.'

Still, my friend, the owl continued,
'Pleased I listened to the oak-tree,
Teaching thus her docile offspring,
For the droppings of all knowledge
To the thoughtful mind are precious.
In my solitary kingdom,
Rights I had, but men destroyed them ;
Right unto my cloistered homestead,
Right of hunting 'mid the birds' nests,
Right of spoil in rat and micedom ;
To the air and to the water,
To the breath that Nature gave me ;
Rights I had, and men destroyed them :
Slew and stuffed me as a trophy,
Hung me up 'mid toys and trappings,
For a mock and for a marvel.
But, like ghost of buried blessings,
I will haunt their midnight visions,
With a stony stare transfix them,
Be an incubus to vex them.'

Then, he seemed to choke with passion,
And I pressed his claw and whispered
Gently, as to petted baby,
'Be not angry, Koko-Koho ;
Be a good and patient emblem
Of the emptiness that waits us
When we rest on earthly pleasures,
And forget to look above them.
Many a stuffed and lifeless skinship
Sitteth by us at our revels,
Like the shrivelled, solemn mummies
That the race of ancient Egypt
Made the MENTORS of their banquet.
So, good-night, my Koko-Koho,
Bird of PALLAS, Bird of Wisdom,
Rest thee in my quiet parlor ;
I am weary and would slumber,
But I thank thee for thy kindness,
For thy kindness and the legend
Told amid this dreamy lamp-light,
Making lonely evening pleasant.'

Hartford, (Conn.) March 31, 1856.

MY LATER ACQUAINTANCES.

My election to the Legislature from this city, toward the close of the last century, enabled me to extend my acquaintance to other parts of the State. The seat of government had been removed to Albany, where, upon my arrival, I found an old friend in General Schuyler, of revolutionary memory, with whom I had been a fellow-lodger at Mrs. Daubeney's, in Wall-street, while he was a Senator in Congress. His family-seat was situate about a mile below the city, though now, I believe, included within its limits. There he dispensed a liberal hospitality, for which the neighboring citizens were not at that day remarkable. He was then the leading member of the State Senate, and seemed to possess as much authority there as he had exercised in the army, and wielded it very much in the same military style. The county of Albany was at that time a part of the 'Western District,' which extended to the Niagara frontier; and Albany, from the preponderance of its population, held the political control of the whole district. The influence thus arising belonged, indeed, to the amiable and excellent Stephen Van Rensselaer as *Patroon* or proprietor of the manor of Rensselaerwyck, comprehending, exclusively of the city, most of the towns in the county, which, in those days, included the present county of Rensselaer; but, from the modest and unambitious character of the *Patroon*, then a young man, this power was deputed to the General, who was his father-in-law, and not restrained in its use by the natural delicacy or sense of official propriety of his son-in-law, who, as Lieutenant-Governor of the State, presided in the Senate.

When the national government was about to pass from the Federal to the Democratic party, it was proposed by General Schuyler, at the suggestion, as was said, of another son-in-law, of whom he could boast in Alexander Hamilton, to anticipate the appointment of presidential electors, in order, ostensibly, to supersede the necessity of an extra session of the existing Legislature, by whom the electors were then chosen, but really to secure the vote of the State to the Federal candidate, it having been ascertained that the Democrats would have a majority the next year. The late Thomas Morris, then a Senator from the Western District, ventured to oppose the General's motion, and, for his pains, was soundly rated by our dictator, and *ordered* to take his seat. This sort of discipline was indignantly resisted by a man of the spirit and standing of Mr. Morris, a son of the great financier of the Revolution, (whom, by-the-by, I forgot to mention among my old acquaintances,) and led finally to his abandonment of the Federal party.

This manœuvre of the General's was, however, defeated by Governor Jay, who, though well described as the impersonation of justice, was thought by many to have equalled on this occasion the stern inflexibility of the first 'old Roman.' Our Senator-in-chief certainly felt it so, but stifled his resentment in an extraordinary cloud of smoke from his pipe, being the only member permitted that indulgence in the Senate

while in session, until the same privilege was accorded, at a later day, to one of the ablest of his successors, Abraham Van Vechten, the famous Dutch lawyer, afterward Attorney-General, which office was at the time in question held by Josiah Ogden Hoffman, also of Dutch lineage, and at subsequent periods more distinguished as Recorder of this city and Judge of the Supreme Court; another instance of the distinction conferred upon the profession by the Knickerbocker race, in addition to those of Van Scaack, Benson, Cozine, Yates, Lansing, Van Ness, and Van Buren.

At the first session of the Legislature I attended, an application was made by Chancellor Livingston to transfer to him the exclusive right to navigate the waters of this State by means of fire or steam, which had been previously granted to 'one John Fitch,' who, as the Chancellor alleged, had left the State without performing the condition on which the grant depended. A bill for that purpose, after passing both houses, was objected to by the Council of Revision, on the ground that there was no proof of the forfeiture of the prior grant to Fitch. It was nevertheless passed by two-thirds of both houses, notwithstanding the objections of the Council—a result produced, beside the influence of the Livingston family, mainly by the exertions of Ezra L'Hommiedieu, of Queen's county, a Senator from the Southern District. The only *argument* adduced by 'Uncle Ezra,' as we used to call him, was, that the Chancellor's project was visionary and would never come to any thing; so it may be said to have been carried through by the force of ridicule. Thus it often happens that the inventions of men of genius are treated as worthless until carried into effect by men of practical talent; and in no instance has the truth of this observation been more clearly demonstrated than in the case of steam-navigation. The Marquis of Worcester first suggested the availability of steam as a dynamic power; Newcomen and others in Great Britain, and Fitch, Rumsey, Stevens, Morey, and Livingston, in this country, were the first to make the mechanical application. The experiments of the Americans were the earliest in navigation, but were attended with little success, until Watts' improvements of the steam-engine, which enabled Fulton to avail himself of the previous experiments of its application to navigation, and, aided by his own mechanical genius and experience, to be the first to attain practical success; while it was left to his successors to bring it to its present degree of perfection, and extend it to the ocean.

It must seem strange to the present generation of constitutional lawyers, that the Council of Revision did not object to the Chancellor's grant on the further ground of its repugnancy to those articles of the Federal Constitution which vest in Congress the exclusive powers of regulating commerce, and of granting patents for new inventions and improvements in science and the arts. But this omission may be variously explained. They may not have adverted to the circumstance that the grant to Fitch was made before the State, by its accession to the Federal Constitution, had ceded the powers in question to the United States; they may not have been aware of the operation of this transfer of power at a time when the relative jurisdiction of the Federal and State governments, as affected by the new system, had not received

much judicial consideration, and scarcely any interpretation by the Supreme Court of the United States, the final arbiter upon such questions; and, finally, they may have thought the objection they *did* interpose of itself sufficient.

Be this as it may, the question is now settled: It was first raised in the Legislature by a report made to the House of Assembly, in 1814, by a committee of which William A. Duer was chairman, and John Savage and Samuel Young were members. It arose also in the courts, and was eventually decided by the tribunal of the last resort in the Union, upon grounds taken in the report of 1814.

After this episode, for which I plead the privilege of age, I resume the thread of my reminiscences. During my service in the Legislature, the elder Samuel Jones was appointed Comptroller of the State Treasury, an office then first erected, instead of that of Auditor, the duties of which were transferred to it. The appointment of Mr. Jones produced a schism, or rather a breach in the Federal party. Ambrose Spencer, afterward so distinguished as a judge, then a member of the Senate and Council of Appointment, was anxious to obtain the office for his friend General Armstrong, who, although connected by marriage with the Democratic branch of the Livingstons, was then, as well as Spencer, a Federalist. But Governor Jay was unwilling to give countenance to the author of the far-famed Newburgh letters, and moreover expressed a doubt whether Armstrong was equal to the burthensome duties incident to the appointment. Being assured by Spencer of his friend's ability to bear them, the Governor replied: 'Let us first see whether he can bear a *disappointment*.' The suspicion thus insinuated was soon verified. Neither Armstrong nor his friend 'bore the disappointment,' and both went over to the Democrats, whose advent to power, by-the-by, was fast approaching. Mr. Spencer being still a Senator, was at once acknowledged as a leader in his new party, and the next year elected by them a member of the Council of Appointment, in which he united with De Witt Clinton in opposition to Mr. Jay, upon a point never before raised. Hitherto the right of nomination to office had been exercised exclusively by the Governor — by Governor George Clinton, as well as by his successor, Governor Jay; but it was now contended by the confederates that it was vested concurrently in all the members of the council; and when Governor Jay made a nomination, one of the other party would move to amend it by substituting another name. This the Governor resisted, and refused to commission the persons nominated by the majority of the Council. The consequence was, that no appointments were made, either to new offices or others that became vacant during the year; the incumbents of the latter consequently held over.

In this state of the question the Legislature, in which the Democrats had the majority, passed an act calling a convention to settle it; being unwilling to submit it, as the Governor had proposed, to judicial decision. A convention was accordingly chosen, in which the majority was composed of Democrats; and by an *amendment* of the Constitution, it was declared that the right of nomination was concurrent in all the members of the Council. In this body Aaron Burr presided, and gave his sanction to the measures of the majority. But he soon had reason

to regret it. By this alteration — for such it was — of the Constitution, an end was put to all responsibility for appointments, and soon rendered the Council, acting under a strong sense of *irresponsibility*, so odious and unpopular, as eventually to produce its abolishment by the Constitution of 1822. This was, indeed, a principal, and the immediate cause of calling that body.

Before, however, this dispute arose, Mr. Jones, whose appointment had been the cause of it, resigned the Comptrollership, and was succeeded by John V. Henry, a much younger man, and already an eminent member of the Albany bar. He continued in the office during the remainder of Mr. Jay's administration. Upon his removal by the Democrats, Mr. Henry returned to the practice of his profession. By his devotion to it he soon rose to its head, and could never again be persuaded to abandon it for political office, although often tendered to his acceptance; an example worthy the imitation of every lawyer who aims at professional eminence.

When the Democratic party had obtained their ascendancy, and at a period subsequently to the joint-dictatorship of Messrs Spencer and Clinton, their leader in the Senate was John Tayler, of Albany, afterward Lieutenant-Governor under Tompkins. He was of Irish descent, and had been employed as a commissary or contractor in the Revolutionary war, and therefore claimed to be a 'patriot of 1776:' beside acquiring that title, he had been successful in reaping the more substantial fruits of that lucrative vocation whence he derived it. He was now a bold and wary politician, as well as a brave and athletic man, and proved both his prowess and strength on the floor of the Senate-chamber, in an assault upon the person of one of his Democratic colleagues, one Purdy, from Westchester, whom he accused of selling his vote to certain applicants for a bank, or their agents. The old gentleman was supposed to have been betrayed into this violence, not so much from his horror of corruption, as from indignation at the desertion of his colleague upon a party question, as the granting of this bank was made. Certain it is that in its mitigated and disguised form, our hero was not exempt from this sort of influence, nor altogether blind to his personal interests, either in financial or political arrangements. He was some years afterward, when presiding in the Senate, concerned in an application for a bank, whose charter was obtained by the means usual in those days, and became its President.

When Governor Tompkins had been elected Vice-President of the United States, his Lieutenant took it for granted that he should succeed him as Governor for the remainder of the term; the provision on the subject in the State Constitution being similar to that contained in the Constitution of the United States. After being confirmed in this construction, by the opinions of able counsel whom he consulted in consequence of learning that a different interpretation would be contended for in another quarter, the Lieutenant-Governor publicly declared his intention to insist upon his right; but when a bill was introduced in the Legislature, providing for an intermediate election, with the view of electing De Witt Clinton Governor, a sudden and mysterious change came over the spirit of the 'patriot of 1776.' He had become dead silent on the subject of

his 'right,' and without murmur or hesitation signed the bill, as President of the Senate. A conversion so remarkable could not be accounted for, until the next meeting of the Council of Appointment, when his adopted son-in-law, Dr. Charles D. Cooper, was made Secretary of the State.

This appointment was peculiarly obnoxious to the old Federalists, who regard Dr. Copper as, in a measure, responsible for the duel between Hamilton and Burr. He had repeated some expressions of the former, derogatory to the character of the latter, not from enmity personal or political to the one, but from party hostility to the other, arising from his attempt to obtain the Presidency in preference to Mr. Jefferson, when the electoral votes had resulted in a tie between them. The opinion expressed by General Hamilton in regard to Burr, was undoubtedly intended to prevent the Federal members of the House of Representatives, into which the choice of President was cast, from giving their votes to Burr. He subsequently, indeed, advised them to give their votes to Mr. Jefferson : with the same view it had been repeated by Dr. Cooper. It was the *effect* of this advice that excited the deadly resentment of Burr, and was the real cause of the challenge, which would, at all events, except in that of his success, have been given by Burr, upon some other pretext, had not Dr. Cooper's indiscretion afforded him the one of which he availed himself. The Doctor, however, was a worthy man, and bitterly repented the part he was made to bear in this fatal affair. Upon a subsequent revolution of parties, when the Dutch dynasty was restored under Governor Yates, his relative John Van Ness Yates, succeeded Dr. Cooper in his office. The new Secretary was more of a Van Ness than of a Yates, and possessed nearly all the talents of the latter family. The only exception was found in the Governor's brother, John B. Yates, the associate of the former Comptroller, McIntyre, in the management of the lotteries. Had his cousin, the Secretary, possessed his industry and tact, he would have become more distinguished at the bar, and on the bench as Recorder of the city of Albany, as well as a member of the Legislature, to which, while Secretary, he was elected.

To return from this digression. It is but fair, as I have already made honorable mention of my acquaintances of Dutch extraction, that I should commemorate those of New-England birth or origin. Among the earliest immigrants from that quarter were John Bird, John D. Dickinson, and John Woodworth, who all settled in Troy soon after the foundation of that flourishing city, to whose prosperity their intelligence and enterprise materially contributed. They were all lawyers : Mr. Bird soon rose to the head of his profession, while Mr. Dickinson obtained the more lucrative practice from his connection with the old Farmers' Bank, of which he was the counsel, and upon its removal to Troy, became its President. The two former served, at different times, in the State Legislature, and in Congress. Mr. Woodworth was not less fortunate. Without attaining the eminence of the one at the bar, or the wealth of the other as a banker, he rose to be Attorney-General, and afterward a Judge of the Supreme Court ; and more fortunate still, to be connected by marriage with the Patroon. He continued on the bench until judicial offices were rendered elective, and then wisely declined being a candidate for

election. He had arrived, indeed, at an age at which retirement, if not necessary, is the more graceful, especially in a case like his, where the mental faculties are not visibly impaired. He still lives in the enjoyment, apparently, of the health and spirits, at eighty and upward, that he possessed at forty, with the same glow upon his cheeks, and the same smile upon his lips.

Ambrose Spencer and Erastus Root were among the early pioneers from Connecticut. The former *located* in Hudson, where he soon rose to eminence at the bar, and to distinction as a Federal politician. I have already noticed his defection to Democracy, and its cause, which may be attributed rather to the general warmth of his temperament, and the ardor of a particular friendship, than to any sordid motive. The party in which he then enlisted were not insensible to the value of their recruit, and upon obtaining the ascendancy, promoted him to office — first as Attorney-General, and subsequently to the bench, first as a puisne Judge, and afterward as Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. It is to be regretted that he had not confined himself to his judicial duties — not that he neglected them, on the contrary he was exemplary in their discharge; but he had, unfortunately, tasted too deeply of the turbid fountain of party-politics, to lose his relish for those bitter waters of strife that flow from it. The participation of the judges in legislative power, under the old Constitution, by which they were erected into a Council of Revision, brought them too nearly in contact with the legislative body, and afforded too many temptations to those of them who had been party-leaders, to meddle and mix, not only in the political contests, but in the private projects of their partisans. As this was the case with some of one party, as well as of the other, it did not excite much animadversion from either. But when their interference in matters pending in the Legislature, especially in those where personal, pecuniary, or local interests were involved, became habitual, the misuse or abuse of their official influence and character at length provoked the indignation of the public, and awakened suspicions of the integrity of some of them.

This, indeed, was among the causes leading to the Convention which formed the Constitution of 1822, under which the existing Judges were superseded, and none of them but Judge Woodworth reappointed. Mr. Justice Yates was elected Governor; and Chief-Justice Spencer, with Judges Van Ness and Platt, returned to the bar. The Chief-Justice was the only one of them who succeeded there; but he was, nevertheless, induced to quit for a seat in Congress, where he was soon recognized as a Whig leader, and in this, as in every other public situation which he held, proved himself the same able, earnest, energetic, upright, and downright man, whose ardent temper, as often as it had betrayed him into acts of indiscretion if not of violence, became mollified by time; while neither his indefatigable industry and indomitable perseverance, nor the unquenchable fire of his spirit ever abated, though he lived to an age beyond the ordinary limits allowed to mortality, without a gray hair in his head, or a resentment at his heart.

The other pioneer from Connecticut, who immigrated about the same time was Erastus Root, whose career in this State commenced differently

from that of Judge Spencer's, diverged into different paths, though of the same profession and party, but ended at the same political standpoint. He first lighted upon a school-house in a frontier town of Columbia county, where he was installed pedagogue, and at the same time commenced studying law in the office of his countryman, Elisha Williams, afterward so celebrated as an advocate and politician, and who had preceded him in settling there. The law-student was more distinguished as a teacher than as a lawyer. He was so well versed in arithmetic as to publish a book on that subject, which was considered by good judges, at least equal to any contemporary work of the same kind. After acquiring his profession he established himself in the village of Delhi, the seat of justice for the county of Delaware. He became, however, more famous as a politician than as a lawyer, and it was not long before he was sent by the Democratic party in his county to represent them in the Legislature. There he soon took his stand as a leader. He was possessed of eloquence and tact in debate, enlivened by native wit and humor, rendered more effective by the advantages he derived from education. He was familiar with history, and a good constitutional lawyer. But from his residence and associations among a rough population, he acquired habits of indolence and intemperance. His indulgence, however, in the latter vice hardly seemed to impair the faculties and resources of his mind; and in his latter years, when he became a member of the Episcopal Church, it was altogether reformed. He enjoyed greater local popularity than influence with the party-leaders at Albany; and although they promoted him in the militia until he attained the rank of Major-General, they found him too independent or impracticable, as they called it, to be admitted to their confidence or councils. Consequently, he eventually attached himself to the 'Young Democracy,' led by Van Buren in opposition to the *Regency* of Clinton, Spencer and Co. He accordingly appeared as a leader of this aspiring band in the Convention of 1822, and was one of their ablest and most effective debaters. When the article on the Judiciary, which omitted the limitation, in the former Constitution, of judicial office until the incumbent had attained the age of sixty, was under consideration, a motion was made to insert it in the new one, on the ground that it had operated beneficially in its application to judges whose names were mentioned. General Root replied, in his usual sonorous and sarcastic tones, that 'they were none of them fit to be judges, at forty.'

Under that Constitution he was elected Lieutenant-Governor; and it happened to be present at Governor Yates's on the New-Year's day, upon which they had entered upon their offices. The General was also among the visitors, and was partaking very freely of the liquid refreshments provided for the occasion, when the Governor exclaimed: 'Ah! General, that is your worst enemy.' 'Yes, Governor, but you know we are commanded to *love our enemies*,' was the too ready answer. He began his political career as a radical, but like Judge Spencer, he ended it as a conservative. About the same time with the Judge he was elected as a Whig to Congress; and though he maintained a respectable position in the House of Representatives, it was evident to those who had known him at an earlier period, that his powers had

suffered the collapse incident to the sudden abandonment of the habits he had formerly indulged.

But none of the invaders from New-England enriched this State with more of the intellectual wealth conferred by nature than Elisha Williams. Without those advantages of education enjoyed by his pupil, he far excelled him in native talent and resources, in genuine wit, general humor, and above all, self-respect. He did not long remain in obscurity, but as his professional business and reputation increased, he removed to Hudson, and took his stand with William W. Van Ness, at the head of the Columbia county bar. Upon the elevation of the latter to the bench of the Supreme Court, he nevertheless continued his association with Mr. Williams, and Colonel Jacob R. Van Rensselaer, as leaders of the Federal party, who, together with Thomas C. Grosvenor, the brother-in-law, and fellow-townsmen, in Connecticut, of Williams, were afterward known in the politics of the State, as 'The Columbia Junta.' The Judge had been originally a Democrat; and as such had taken part with General Lewis against the Federal candidate in the election for Governor, and by him was promoted to the bench; and now it was that the bond of union between these parties was confirmed by their engaging in support of those banking and jobbing interests and schemes which were rife under that administration, and to which the 'Columbia Junta' were ever afterward devoted — as it was alleged, corruptly. It will not have been forgotten that with respect to Judge Van Ness, these matters were made the subject of legislative investigation, and though he escaped an impeachment, the result was fatal to his character, affected his health, and, it was said, shortened his life.

The effect was similar with regard to Williams; but his greater flow of animal spirits, his vital energy, and the consciousness that less responsibility attached to his station and character, enabled him for a longer period, and more resolutely, to bear up against the imputation. With all their faults, these men were not without their redeeming qualities. Their tempers were good, their dispositions kind and generous. In their private relations they were amiable, attractive in their social ones. Both may properly be said to have been uneducated. It was observed of them that they read nothing but law-books and newspapers, and more of the latter than of the former — which they never consulted but when the one had a case to prepare, and the other one to decide. They may both be said to have had genius; and they undoubtedly possessed that tact and intuitive knowledge of mankind and of the world which fell within their sphere; which, perhaps, was of greater value to them than any thing they could have learnt from books. They were both eloquent; but the eloquence of the one was different in kind from that of the other. The Judge's eloquence was mild, smooth, fluent, plausible, insinuating, and persuasive, especially in his charges to the jury. On one occasion he asked the late Thomas Addis Emmett, of immortal memory, how he liked the charge he had given in a cause in which the latter was counsel: the latter replied, that he admired it exceedingly as a work of *art*, but regretted that the Judge had not summed up the cause — as counsel — and left it to him to charge the Jury. The eloquence of Williams, on the contrary, was ardent, forcible,

ble, sometimes impetuous, sarcastic, and abounding in witty and humorous illustrations. As a *nisi-prius* advocate he was rarely equalled, especially in the cross-examinations of witnesses. One that he had upon the rack, on a hot summer's day, in a crowded court-room, became so thirsty from fatigue and fright, as to call frequently for a tumbler of water from a pail which stood near him ; at length Williams could stand it no longer, and called out to the crier to '*give him the pail at once.*' Ah ! where now are those flashes of merriment that were wont to set the audience in a roar ? Alas ! extinguished. Where, too, that smooth-flowing stream of bland elocution that could make the worse appear the better cause ? The lips of both are sealed in the silence of the grave. *Requiescant in pace* ; and as we weep over their failings, let us accept in compensation the virtues they possessed.

Something remains to be said of the other members of the confederacy. Colonel Van Rensselaer was an amiable and brave man, and except suffering himself to be led by his stronger-minded associates into their legislative speculations — an honorable one. He lived to repent sincerely of his participation in their schemes and operations, and to atone for it by the graces which adorned the remnant of his days, passed as became a Christian gentleman. Grosvenor succeeded his brother-in-law in the Legislature subsequently to these transactions ; and after distinguishing himself for his eloquence at Albany, was transferred to Washington, where, as a leading Federalist in the House of Representatives, he added greatly to his former reputation. Having married a sister of Alexander Hanson, of Baltimore, he settled in that city, after the expiration of his congressional term, and engaged in the practice of the law. But his career there was short, as he was removed from the joys, cares, hopes, and honors of this world by removal to another.

The great antagonist of the Columbia Junta, on the Democratic side, and rival of Elisha Williams at the bar, was Martin Van Buren ; of whom it was justly said, by one of his contemporaries, at the last anniversary of St. Nicholas, that his 'energy and perseverance, good-temper and unassisted talents, overcame the formidable obstacles he had to contend with at the commencement of a career which terminated in the attainment of the highest honors of the State and of the Union.' At the Columbia Circuit, where Williams was all-powerful with juries, Van Buren almost always succeeded in setting aside their verdicts at bar. Being asked by a spectator who was surprised at the equanimity with which he received his repeated defeats at the circuit, the reason of his indifference, he answered : 'Williams generally beats me before the jury, but I beat him as often before the court.'

The professional success of Van Buren was not, like his success in politics, owing merely to his natural acuteness and indefatigable industry, but to the early cultivation and exercise of his forensic talents. He began the study of the law at the age of fourteen, in the office of Francis Sylvester, in his native village of Kinderhook ; and before he finished his studies, he commenced practice in a justice's court, under the auspices of old 'Squire Gardiner, the father of Barent, and a regular pettifogger. On one occasion they were engaged together in a suit in which Mr. Sylvester was opposed to them, and when the latter had

finished his summing-up to the jury, Gardiner lifted his *protégée* upon the bench where they had sat, with the exclamation of — 'There, Mat., beat your master!' which he did, as often afterward, when he had more formidable adversaries to contend with.

At a later date than the advent of the Trojan lawyers and Columbia politicians, another star arose upon our horizon from the east of Massachusetts, William L. Marcy, who, by force of character, versatility as well as solidity of talent, and dint of persevering industry, acquired an honorable standing at the bar, and raised himself to the highest stations in the judicial and executive department of the State government; whence he was summoned to the Federal councils, first as Secretary-at-War, and again as Secretary of State. Although differing from him in politics, it is but justice to say that with every step of his promotion, his ability and qualifications seem to have risen with his station; and in none have they shone with as great a lustre as in the elevated post he now occupies. With him, beside Judge Woodworth and Mr. Van Buren, already enumerated, closes the list of my surviving acquaintances engaged in public life. As public characters they were fitter subjects of remark than any of the younger and less conspicuous of my remaining contemporaries. To those who have already, or may hereafter succeed us, there are some among those I have mentioned whose examples are held forth as warnings; more who are worthy of their emulation.

ABRAHAM ELDERLY.

S T A N Z A S .

BY W. H. C. HOOPER.

I SAW, in winter-time,
On a wall's ledge, a little blooming flower:
In thought I wandered to a far-off clime
That knows no withered bower.

I longed for something green,
That might remind me, though the storm-king reigned,
Of hours when birds and bursting flowers were seen,
Ere radiant summer waned.

The poet's saddened heart
Was cheered by this bright emblem of the spring;
He felt the shadow from his soul depart,
Dull, dreary thoughts take wing.

Thus in the world's wide strife,
The minstrel sings his song for mortal ears;
To the drear waste he gives a newer life,
And May, fair May, appears.

Thanks to the tending hand
That nurtured, amid storms, this tender flower.
May the bard meet her in that better land
Where death exerts no power!

Naval Officer, March 7, 1854.

M A G D A L E N A .

BY JENNY MARSH.

CHRIST of Mercy, CHRIST of Love,
 Send kind angels from above,
 To stand round our fallen sister,
 That in deepest wo is lying,
 Blackest guilt her raiment dyeing;
 For her hand of clay has riven
 All her peace that came from heaven,
 And her sins so heavy lie,
 On her crushed and bleeding heart,
 That she sadly longs to die,
 And her prayer is to depart.
 Oh! send angels, purest angels,
 To stand round her while she stay,
 And let peace and hope of pardon
 Soothe her heaviness away.

Oh! she hath sore need of heaven,
 In her hours of bitter wo;
 When her thoughts are full of chidings,
 That she blindly wandered so:
 Yes, her load is very heavy —
 SAVIOUR, help her bear it up;
 THOU, who for those like our sister,
 Drank the bitter, bitter cup.

And if THOU in love canst fold her,
 To THY pure and holy breast,
 Oh! can we, whose hearts are sinful,
 And whose strength has had *no test*,
 Drive her from us with reproaches,
 Crush her lower with our pride,
 Turn the eye of pity from her,
 And her prayers and tears deride?
 Can, oh! can we? God forgive us,
 That we sinning fall so low,
 As to spurn from our dark bosom
 What THY love enfoldeth so.

CHRIST of Mercy, CHRIST of Love,
 Pardon us for all our weakness,
 For our blindness and our pride,
 Teaching us to think with meekness
 Of the cross whereon YOU died,
 Died for us and our poor sister,
 That hath now sore need of THEE:
 FATHER, help her — angels keep her;
 Let her panting soul go free.

Rochester, April, 1856.

REMINISCENCES OF THE 'SOUTHERN TIER.'

In the primitive times which characterized the early history of the 'Southern Tier,' the rich valleys of the Susquehanna and Chemung rivers yielded to the toil of the husbandman all the products of a virgin soil but recently redeemed from the forest; and they were alike rich in the fearless and strong-minded men who had located upon their banks.

It was customary in that day to settle the neighborhood quarrels, which frequently arose, by the arbitrament of the fist: it was rare that the settlement took place when the difficulty occurred, but it was generally postponed until the arrival of the next training-day, or public gathering of any kind. The battles of the immediate locality usually took place at the company training. At a general or regimental training, the scene was rich beyond description, exhibiting a general *mêlée* when the squabbles of an entire county were brought up for adjustment. A kind of honorable system of tactics was in vogue, and the rules of the *duello fistico* were rigidly observed. Much kindly feeling prevailed; for when the fierce encounter was over, the vanquished uniformly and frankly confessed the strength and prowess of the victor, if no foul play had been shown; if so, another time was appointed for a further settlement of the affair. This seldom happened, however, as the friends of the parties usually attended, and the whole community required fair play. A violation of this universal requirement was deemed so dishonorable, that few persons dared to venture upon it. Ordinarily, explanations and apologies ensued after the battle, and the parties drank friends over flagons of good rye-whiskey, for adulterated liquors were then unknown; if the liquor was new, or even warm from the still, it at least possessed the virtue of being pure. Instances of beastly intoxication seldom occurred. Every body used liquor then, but it was taken at stated periods, say at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, or at five in the evening, and then by measurement, and at no other times, except on extraordinary occasions. The habit of tippling half-a-dozen times in the day, did not then exist:

'We needed no Maine liquor law,
When this our land was new.'

Among the heroes of that day, who figured on these occasions, was a queer old customer, generally called Uncle Jemmy S — y.

He was not a large man, but was well made up; of unquestioned courage, and as the saying went, 'had no waste timber about him.' Strong, supple, and collected, he was a troublesome man to handle, and made up by agility what he lacked in size. He was by no means a quarrelsome man; possessed a kind, affable, and accommodating disposition, equally ready to drink or fight with any one who chose to approach him — never seeking a cause of quarrel, and never refusing an offer at a bout at fisticuffs.

There are a great many queer stories extant about him, in the traditions of the early settlers. He had a habit of talking to himself, because as he said, when questioned about it 'he liked to talk with a man of sense,' and when doing so, had a logical system by which he arrived at results. Fond of fun and jollity, and much accustomed to make others the subjects of his jokes, he possessed a virtue seldom exhibited by inveterate jokers, of being equally ready to receive one; he always laughed as heartily at a good hit, when it happened to be at his own expense. He was always on hand at training-days, and was once seen, early in the day, on the ground, ready stripped and prepared for battle, and when asked if he was about to fight any one, replied, No, but he thought it best to be ready.

Upon one occasion, it is said, that he came to the village of Elmira, with his cart and oxen, laden with turnips. Having disposed of his load, he appropriated a share of the proceeds, as was his usual custom, in treating his friends, (who on this occasion happened to be unusually numerous,) and soon became so boozy that his legs refused their accustomed office of bearing about his body, small as it was, and he was consequently soon found unable to navigate. Some good Samaritans carried him to the place where he had secured his cattle, and carefully deposited him in the cart. The kind-hearted landlord, accustomed to his failing, had removed the cattle to his barn and given them a supply of hay. On waking up, after indulging in a sound nap, somewhat confused in mind, from the effects of the extra quantity of liquor he had swallowed, he commenced his accustomed soliloquy: 'Well,' said he, 'I should like to know, precisely, who I am. If I am Jemmy S — y, as I am strongly tempted to believe, I have lost a pair of steers; if I am not, I am a lucky dog, for I have found a cart.'

On another occasion, a waggish brother-in-law, who kept a tavern, where 'Uncle Jemmy' had indulged in deep potations, till he became insensible, had him placed in a coffin, late at night, (in warm weather,) and carefully placed between two mounds in the neighboring graveyard. On awakening at his accustomed hour, (being watched by those who were in the secret,) he raised himself up in the coffin, and seeing himself surrounded by tomb-stones, in his confusion of mind he supposed it was the morning of the resurrection, as the sun was just rising in the east. Finding no one stirring, he said: 'I am either the first that has risen, or am most awfully belated.'

Another of the oddities who figured in the 'Southern Tier' for many years, was James R — n, Esq. He was a native of New-Hampshire, and was for a time at Dartmouth, when Webster, Cass, and Miller were students. He came to the 'Southern Tier' about the year 1809, and commenced the practice of the law. He was a fine scholar, a man of ardent impulses, warm and enthusiastic in his attachment to a friend or client, in neither of whom could he ever see a fault; of real attic wit, and wonderfully happy at a toast or retort.

He was a most zealous advocate of every measure calculated to advance the interests of the community, and every project for internal improvement. To the strength and ability exhibited in his newspaper essays, are many of our internal improvements greatly indebted for

their success. Much of his time was devoted to matters of public concern, in which he engaged with a zeal and energy which might well have been imitated by many who had more at stake than he. His exertions were disinterested, for he held no property to be advanced or depreciated, by the success or failure of various projects in which his ardent temperament impelled him to engage.

For these patriotic exertions his memory well deserves to be cherished ; but he will be remembered much longer for the wit, humor, and eccentricity by which his career was distinguished. He was a zealous politician, and during the controversies which agitated the State many years ago, he was an active and devoted Clintonian ; but his kindly nature always kept him on friendly terms with those who differed from him on political questions. His genial wit and humor continued to the last moment of his life. A friend who watched with him, the night before his death, relates that on going to his residence for that purpose, he found him, as he had never before done, apparently low-spirited. On inquiring the cause he answered : ' I have been looking over my account for another world.' On being asked what he found to disquiet him, he replied, that the review reminded of Garrick's remark on the result of an unproductive benefit ' that it was a beggarly account of empty boxes.' On being more particularly questioned, he said that his connection with the Log Cabin excitement of 1840 lay heavy upon his mind ; that he had always been a Democrat, ' dyed in the wool,' but that his love for hard cider and military glory had led him astray ; that his attendance at log-cabins, singing puerile songs, was degrading to one of his years, and at that moment was a subject of peculiar annoyance and vexation.

He was asked, if this was the only subject of regret which attended his review of the past, to which he answered : ' No, there was something worse ; a judgment once rendered as a magistrate.' He stated that a man came to his office, attended by his wife and son, and detailed with great feeling the loss of a favorite dog which had been shot by a neighbor, and demanded legal process for redress of the injury. The detail of the sufferings and death of the dog produced floods of tears on the part of the complainant, and his wife and son, and he remarked that he himself, influenced by the force of sympathy, involuntarily united in the lamentation. He immediately issued a summons and had the offender promptly brought before him. On his appearance in court, the parties were called. The defendant answered by his counsel, whom the ' Squire said he disposed of at once, by telling him to hold his peace, as he had made up his mind in the matter, and any remarks from him were unnecessary, and directed the plaintiff to proceed to prove the value of his dog. The witness testified that the value of the dog was fifteen dollars. ' I was so fierce,' said he, ' to do speedy and exact justice in the premises, that I entered judgment instanter for the fifteen dollars, without taking into consideration the wounded and lacerated feelings of the family, for which I should have added at least ten more.' At this stage of the conversation Judge D ——— came in, for the purpose of watching with him also. On being told of the cause of disquiet, he remarked to the patient : ' I can relieve your

mind in this matter; you recollect that I appeared as counsel for the defendant on the occasion referred to, and you would not hear me. I was attended by three witnesses to prove that the dog killed sheep, and that he had actually killed one of the defendant's sheep that day, for which he shot the dog.'

He then asked: 'Do you recollect the defendant?' The 'Squire, as he was commonly termed, replied: 'No! do you suppose I would retain the name of a scoundrel who would kill his neighbor's dog?' The Judge then mentioned his name, and it turned out that he was a near neighbor, who had recently removed to the village, who had been exceedingly kind to the 'Squire and his wife during his illness. 'What,' said the 'Squire, 'is it that good creature who has sat up with me so much, who has fed and milked the cow, when the snow was so deep, and has split the oven-wood for Peggy during my sickness?' The Judge assured him that he was the man. Rising up in his bed, he said: 'Judge, give me your hand: do you pledge your veracity that the dog actually killed sheep?' The Judge solemnly replied: 'It is an undoubted truth.' Then lying down he said: 'It is enough. I now die happy, by ——'

In his excited moments he was in the habit of closing a strong expression with an oath, like Sterne's Uncle Toby; though differing from him by using the name of the second person in the Trinity: it was, however, done in such a way and with an earnestness of manner, as scarcely to seem like profanity, and he appeared to be unconscious of having committed a breach of decorum. Probably in both cases the 'tear of the recording angel blotted out the oath for ever.'

In the morning, when one of the watchers was about leaving him, at day-light, he asked for a quid of tobacco from a silver box, the gift of a friend, which lay near. It was done, and handing back the box, he said: 'Take it with you. I give you the box, in token of our long and uninterrupted friendship. I shall need it no more.' Pausing a moment he remarked: 'Hand me the box. This is a solemn proceeding, and requires some ceremony.' Taking the box and rising up in bed, and assuming the dignity of manner which characterized him on occasions which he deemed important, he proceeded: 'When I shuffle off this mortal coil, and the last faint flashes of life's expiring lamp have quivered out their little moment, thy friendly hands shall close my dying eyes, thy tears shall moisten my clay-cold form, thy prayers ascending to the throne of Grace, shall gently waft my disembodied spirit to the gardens of the Paradise of God. When I give the last kick, grab the box, or Peggy will steal it, by J ——'

The remark attributed to Napoleon, 'that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,' was here fully exemplified.

He had previously requested the same friend to select him a suitable burial-place in the village grave-yard. On being questioned as to location, he said that he should depend on the discretion of his friend in the matter, only desiring 'a healthy situation and good neighborhood,' remarking that he did not wish to be buried in an unhealthy spot, and preferred to be near the more respectable portion of the community, as he 'had no desire to rise with loafers.' His friend selected a lot for him, between those of Mr. O —— and Mr. T ——, two

old friends of his, and when informed of the location, he remarked : ' It is well, they are gentlemen, I am willing to rise in such company.'

While Tioga rejoiced in the many odd spirits among her early settlers, the adjoining county of Steuben was equally rich in a host of similar kidney. Among them was a jolly old Virginian, Judge H —, ' a sportsman' of the old school of buff breeches and fair top-boots, well known throughout the country for genial habits and generous hospitality. He had been appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Though little versed in legal technicalities, he possessed a fund of genuine common-sense, which made him a good judge. On one occasion in the absence of the first judge, it fell to him to charge the Grand-Jury. The substance of this charge, so characteristic of the man and his opinions, is here given :

'Gentlemen of the Grand-Jury : In the absence of the First Judge, it becomes my duty to address you. If you expect much of a charge, you will be disappointed, as it will be nothing but a squib. I see among you many gentlemen who understand the duties of Grand-Jurors much better than I do. I need only say then, you know your duties, go ahead and perform them.

'The Sheriff has handed me his criminal calendar, by which it appears he has five poor devils in jail for various offences: two of them are for horse-stealing. Now, gentlemen, you know there are grades in crime, and common-sense would indicate that the punishment should be in proportion to the criminality of the offence, as exhibited by the circumstances of each case. That I suppose is the law ; if it is not, it ought to be so. You will understand what I mean by this, when I inform you that one of these scamps stole a slab-sided Yankee mare, while the other took a Virginia blood-horse.

'Two others are indited for mayhem. One of them for biting off a negro's nose, which I think exhibits a most depraved appetite ; the other for gouging out an Irishman's eye, a most ungentlemanly way of fighting. I hope you will look well to these fellows.

'The last is a poor cuss, who stole a jug of whiskey. The article is so plenty and cheap that it may be had, by asking, anywhere, and stealing it is the meanest kind of offence, and deserves the severest punishment that the law will permit.

'The great men at Albany have made it our special duty to charge you in regard to private lotteries. What is the mighty crime involved in this business, I cannot see, when hustling and pitching coppers is tolerated ; but I suppose they know, and as the law makes it our duty, I charge you to look out for them.

'Sheriff, select two constables, and march these men off to their duties.'

GOOD ADVICE.

'Boys, when you court, you should deport
Yourself with circumspection ;
It is a sin to seek to win
And trifle with affection.'

THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

A LEGEND OF THE FRONTIER.

BY CHARLES D. GARDNETT.

I'LL tell you a tale of fearful wo,
Was told on a winter night,
In a far-off valley, long ago,
By a humble fireside's ruddy glow,
In a cot where the forest arches low
O'er a tinkling brook unite.

A hunter dwelt on the further side,
'Neath the olden forest shade:
Alone he dwelt; no loving bride
His moody hours to cheer or chide:
His friends were his rifle true and tried,
And his death-edged hunting-blade.

His axe was keen and his arm was stout:
No aid from man he sought;
But a cabin of logs he hewed him out
From the tall old trees that hemmed him about,
And dwelt there alone — all food without,
Save that which his wood-craft brought.

One night, as he sate by his glimmering hearth,
And mused on his cheerless lot;
On the distant land of his home, his birth,
Of his happy childhood's careless mirth,
Knowing naught of the trials of Earth;
And now, in this lonely spot —

In this lonely spot his life was cast,
In a silent solitude!
No wife, no friend — just then the blast
Shrieked in his ears with a wail like the last
That the sea-tossed wretch on the drifting mast
Sends up, as he sinks in the flood!

The Night a sable archway flings,
A roof of solid black:
The hissing rain on the dry leaves sings:
When again through the vaulted forest rings
That fearful shriek, and the hunter springs
With a shout, on the viewless track!

The crackling flames, with a ruddy glare,
Flash out on the hunter's hearth!
A slender form is lying there,
And the crystal drops from her wavy hair
Like opals gleam on her bosom bare;
And her face is as passionless and fair
As a face of spirit-birth.

It is no rain-drop's callous flow
That moistens the hunter's eye,
As, lifting from that bosom's snow
Each golden tress, he feels the glow
Of a struggling life, and whispers low —
'Thank God! she will not die!'

The forkéd tongues of flame still twine
In many an elfin whirl;
But her lips now blush like the Gascon wine;
And never a gem of Eastern mine
Was bright as the glancing orbs that shine
Through those ringlets' amber curl!

Her silken voice is sadly clear
As she murmurs her woful tale!
'In the virgin woods of the far frontier,
My father followed, for many a year,
The savage bear and the timid deer,
From our cabin in the vale.

'The strongest hand, the truest heart,
The surest eye, had he ——'
The bitter tears to her eyelids start,
And the hunter strives, with awkward art,
To dash the drops from his own, apart,
Lest his weakness she may see.

'Alas! alas! of what avail
Strong hand, and faithful heart?
Oh! let me haste to close the tale.
Ere my half-maddened senses fail!
'Tis but a year, since from the vale
I saw my father part.

'His loving arms my mother pressed
In one long, close embrace;
He caught me to his stalwart breast;
A tearful smile his eye confessed,
And long, toward the crimsoning West
His shadow we could trace!

'That night — the tale I cannot tell!
God, give me strength to speak! —
I woke, to hear the infuriate yell
Of fiends, amid the flames of hell!
To worse — to worse! the fiends that fell
From heaven, to these were weak!

'The war-whoop rang in a frenzied scream,
'Mid the crash of the rafters' fall!
I saw the knife of the savage gleam,
I saw the crimson torrent stream!
O HEAVEN! it passed like a horrid dream!
And yet I saw it all!

'Through the trackless woods my form they bore,
With many a savage gibe;
They dabbled my face with my parent's gore,
They waved their scalps my sight before,
And with many a bitter threat, they swore
I should wed the chief of their tribe!

'Oh! why was I spared? yet HEAVEN was kind,
God sped my bleeding feet!
I fled while the brutes were drunken-blind —
I fled I cared not whither, to find
A death in the arms of the winter wind,
With the leaves for my winding-sheet!

'I fled! I cared not whither I strayed,
Till I laid me down to die;
But the blast was bitter, and death delayed,
And I shrieked for life — even while I prayed
For the death that God in His mercy staid;
And HEAVEN hath heard my cry!'

'The hunter dwelt long on the brooklet's side,
But he dwelt not there alone!
His rifle was true — his blade was tried;
But his cot held a dearer tie beside;
For the tender smiles of a loving bride
On the heart of the hunter shone!

Philadelphia, Jan. 21, 1856.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER FIVE.

SLOPER ON HOTEL-TABLES.

TAKE people all round as you find them in the world in general and in New-York in particular — draw a line — and sum 'em up, and the chance is that you 'll find that they 're a pretty good-natured set as long as you do n't cross them in small matters. But you must be very particular where you draw the line.

One great reason why New-Yorkers are a good-natured set of folks is because they have little by little worked life into going easy. When a man has big matters in business hours on his mind, he is easier accommodated in the off-hours. People who rush and steam it like sixty do n't mind a small upset when they've got the chance of a big rise before them. But there are other reasons for this taking things easy, and one of them is that they live so much about town promiscuously; dining at hotels, lunching at restaurants and sleeping very often wherever they find it. A man with his own house who lays out a programme every day for his living, has a great deal to be anxious about, which never hits him when he has to eat, drink, and sleep just as other folks fix it for him.

At a hotel, people are always, as one may say, a sort of out in company. They put on their bettermost rig, brush their hair into an extra kink, and keep down the cross all they know how. Much practice in this line effectually uses up a great many ugly little didoes which are apt to ripen up in the bosoms of the blessedest families where there's no fly-wheel of frequent 'company' to keep down the steam.

Such notions often come into my head when I sit down at a hotel dinner-table and look around at the folks. I remember that about half of them are strangers—people who have always some how looked at the dinner-table as one of the privacies of life, a thing that they wouldn't care about having even their best friends drop in on, without a warning. If they got such a warning, they would have a better dish with an extra pie or two, not to mention fancy china and the new forks. The picked-up dinners are holy family secrets, and so are—but it's no use a-talking! Every body is up to the feeling, which has after all a great deal more of what's creditable in it than of any thing else. And here at the hotel-table are the good folks with all the dinner religion tactics in their heads, suddenly planted by the command of a head-waiter into chairs which have got to be theirs because some body has stuck them down with their hind-legs up in the air, and their faces like as it were in the plates. I never see chairs put into these bespoken positions without fancying that they are some how kneeling and praying, and saying grace for the folks who are going to sit in them, and who will probably forget to say any thing of the sort for themselves!

Well—to get started again—there the good folks, with all their home notions of dinner privacy, are stuck down in long rows, opposite to the LORD knows who, alongside of the LORD knows what, bound to be fed the LORD knows how. In times like these the ladies shine with uncommon force. So they ought. It is n't every day that they enjoy the luxuries, *all at once*, of being dressed up, having lots of admirers, eating dinner, and having all sorts of small-potato family cares off their minds. LORD bless you—the men know nothing at all about it! Many ladies say they don't like such publicity. Very likely, but I only speak of what *I've* seen.

A pretty girl at a hotel-table can generally reckon, without firing very wide of the mark, that she's making a good many hearts go bumpity-bump, and setting a good many minds to queer music: the general tune being the Rogue's March with greater or lesser variations. A pretty woman is something like a writer. Nature does most for her, art a good deal, and between the two she turns out a work for the world to look at and criticise. I once heard a literary friend of Mr. Clark of the KNICKERBOCKER tell that gentleman that the pleasantest hour he ever spent in his life was in the cars of the Camden and Amboy R. R. C. 'I was sitting,' said he, 'in *one* seat, and just in front of me was a young lady, a stranger to me, reading my last book. Sometimes she laughed till her friends laughed to see her, sometimes she read passages aloud that pleased her; all the while she kept praising it—O LORD!'

Now a pretty woman at a hotel-table may be perfectly certain that she is just as well off, as far as pleasing folks goes, as the literary gentle-

man I spoke of, was, when he was in the cars. Yes, and better, for he only had *one* admirer, while she probably has a dozen — may-be a couple of score.

There are people to be seen at every hotel-table who I really believe are never to be found anywhere else in the world, except occasionally in the dark corners of the opera. Leastways I never found 'em. There was such a character near me to-day. Any sensible man with such a face would have washed it in aquafortis and had it kicked by a young horse, for nothing shorter would have changed it much, and any sort of a change would have improved it. His eyes were great staring balls of prim vulgarity jumping out from under a lot of bristles like a wild cat out of a pig-pen. His complexion looked as if it had all been made of the hardest and toughest kind of folds, which had been rubbed, and *runched*, and *scrunched* down into shape like a twist of clothes in a scrubbing-machine. It was easy to see that before Nature got that face into shape her fingers slipped more than once, and that to hide her ugly work, she made up for it, as some painters do, by a little extra richness of coloring, for the whole affair looked as if it had been pretty well soaked in bad brandy, dried over a mock-auction stove, and rubbed down with a sweat-cloth. But the real horror of the man was his hair, which seemed to have been skinned from some unknown animal which had been scared to death for the purpose. Altogether his look was that of a man who had been touched off by a galvanic battery, and had been frozen stiff at the same moment. A midshipman, who sat near, said afterward, in talking about him, that he looked like the devil, and ate like a hog. So he did. Well, I 'spose he 's had his sweet-hearts in his time, like other folks!

Though I'm not particularly bright myself in the matter of dandyism, never having been able to bring it beyond passing pretty well in most crowds, I've always taken a very great interest in those old and young fellows who have a natural gift that way. To be a dandy a man's got to be born so. Money won't make one, a tailor can't begin to make one. A real *dresser* — a fellow who contrives to give you the idea that his genius is all over him outside, must have outside genius; and genius, whether it strikes out or in, is *natural*, and can't be come by. The dandies, in my opinion, are a greatly abused and slandered race. I say so because I've seen lots of men with all sorts of inside genius — great financiers, great editors, great orators, and great preachers — who tried all their lives long to be dandies, and couldn't begin to do it. By a dandy, I don't mean a man who dresses in extravagant style, but rather one who takes you down by the general impressiveness of his outside arrangements. There is one of that sort whom I see every day about town, and sometimes at our hotel-table. He wears an old coat as often as a new one — sometimes he has on patched boots — sometimes a hat that used to be new. But put him in any crowd you choose, some how or other you'd always pick him out as holding four aces and a king, as far as rig and style go. He's *one* of the dandies for whom I have a respect.

About once in fifteen years a new sort of dandy turns up, just as in about the same time people pretty generally get a new kind of furni-

ture, and begin to build new sorts of churches. From where I sit at table I can see a splendid specimen of what was rather the correct thing about twenty years ago — a man who looks as if he might have been immense in the days of the old annuals. His hair is very thick and shovelled up on the top of his head, and rolled off at the sides, as if his noddle was a barrel full of shavings for kindling, and he had got good measure. When he was a fashionable, young people had n't got over pirate notions of beauty, and the girls used to tell him he looked considerable like a corsair. He wears a high stock, and looks queer. His friends that used to be, have settled down or died, some of them look like other folks, and some have dropped into the new fashions. But he stands out for the old style, and there are still three or four married ladies about, who won't give up the notion that he's a very stylish young man. It always makes MACE SLOPER a little blue or a little old-times-y to look at him, for Mace can remember that when *he* was a young shaver, and just suffering from *his* first attacks of calico-fever, he used to think that if he could only look as *that* man used to look, he'd consider himself as provided for. Well! — I wonder who Widow Twiggles would call the finest-look — O LORD!

I wish that some man who's posted up on all the last tricks of the elephant would explain to Mace Sloper why all of the new-school of dandies look so glum, and talk as if their souls, as far as they go, were all a mixture of mystery and misery, 'specially those who've been to France since Louy Napoleon came in. The bob-tail Shanghai boys who first rose to the top about ten years ago, were an uncommonly jolly crowd. They had a hand in every thing, thought it rather the thing to be posted up on stocks, perfected the science of rat-killing, affected considerable literature, reduced the polka to a delirium, and died out with it. The real first crop of short-coated Shanghais had a short life and a merry one.

There are two regular bucks of the present style at our table. Their hair curls — it must curl of course, because they were born to get ripe in this fashion — and is parted near the middle. They have conquered the aggravating old shirt-collar which has held folks by the throat so long, and reduced it to a *leetle* modest affair, just meeting under the chin, and as if this was n't enough, one of them has manacled the edges of *his* together with gold buttons. The beards are Louy Napoleon all over. When one speaks to the other, he sort of whispers sadly, and the other answers 'good morning' as if he expected to be hanged in the afternoon, but were still prepared to meet his fate with Christian resignation. I saw them drink two bottles of Champagne yesterday without speaking a word, only at the end of the second bottle Dick moaned to Bob that he thought the last bottle was a little the coolest of the two.

I won't take my oath that all the boys of the last French stripe are of this dismal-genteel model. But really so many of the last ones who've made the grand pilgrimage are so solemn and sorrowful, and look so clerical in their long robes, that I can't help thinking that they're a sort of making up for the sins they committed under the polka.

But my friend Hiram, who's half a long-tailed Shanghai himself, says that the new generation play high as any body ever did, and that they feel bad for their losses.

I could n't help quizzing Dick — one of the aforesaid — yesterday morning. He met me with a sort of undertaker's air, and after bringing to anchor with a deep sigh, gave me a long, mysterious sort of look as if he wanted to be certain that he could put trust in me, and said, very dismal :

'You were at the opera last night?'

'Yes,' says I, rolling my eyes up till I saw my hat-rim : 'I was.'

'The prima donna was admirable,' he whispered, very secretly and miserably.

'Yes,' says I, as if I felt very bad and pitied him. 'She sang good.' Then I took out my handkerchief and took 'a dry weep.'

'The ballet-girls ——' he added.

'Yes — yes — ah! yes ——' says I, wringing out my handkerchief like as if it were cried full.

'Mademoiselle Capriole has very fine developments,' said Dick, gravely and darkly.

I buried my face in my handkerchief, and sobbed : 'Oh! — do n't — DO N'T — DO N'T!'

Dick's face grew still longer and sadder, and he sighed himself away down into the bar-room. Well, every thing has its good points, and the last school of dandies, to do them justice, are quiet, sober, and refined, and dress better than any which went before them.

It's an odd notion of mine, and as I can't exactly call myself one of your smart sort, may-be a wrong one, but I've always fancied that when a man with a good deal of jewelry sits down to a hotel-table full of all sorts of first-rate provender, and calls for bacon and cabbage, or pork-and-beans, that after a minute or two he'll be sure to order Champagne. Leastways I've always seen them do it. There are lots of good fellows of the right stripe, who drink the 'beverage' likewise in likeways, but still it's often a powerful instrument in the hands of the bad. Champagne is a *show* wine, and a man who do n't feel genteel and wants to look so, ought to be very careful how he plays with it.

There is something very taking to Mace Sloper in observing how naturally plain, sober sort of folks, who have lived sort of plainly at home, always holler for roast chicken, when they first emigrate from the family board to a hotel-table. Likewise how the rising girls of similar families behave with such pretty natural common-sense, and make such 'cute little mistakes ; how it tickles them to show off their French to Pa and Ma, when the old folks puzzle over the side-dishes, and how they sometimes forget that they're not at home, and their voice grows kind of down like in the throat when they turn round sudden and see a strange waiter just at their elbow ! It's right down pleasant too to hear their tongues run, 'specially after they've got the hang of things, and hear them tell about the things around town they've been looking at, and the folks they've visited, and who took them round, and

the shows and the beaux and the clothes. Oh! it's no use a-talking! people may say that there's no fun this side the grave, but if they'll only contemplate a smart pretty girl who is a stranger in a city, and who is being put through a regular course of sprouts by a lot of kind friends, and if they'll hear that same pretty girl, at dinner-table, going on just as fast as her tongue can run, about the fine time she's had, they'll know mighty soon whether there's any fun left yet or not. Fun! LORD bless your soul! Mace Sloper's had more fun in listening to one such young girl, than half the boys round town ever got out of a thousand-dollar 'nank-bote,' as one of my friends persists in calling a bank-note.

I had a notion of saying something about the different varieties of American young ladies that are seen at a hotel-table. But I really heard an Irish waiter sing such a verse about the principal sorts, last night, that I am quite combed down, (for *now* at least,) on trying any thing of the sort. And his song was :

'BOSTON gurrels for talking,
New-York gurrels for drissing;
Pheladelpy gurrels for manners,
And Balthimooore gurrels for kissing.
Canady gurrels for hugging,
'Cinnati gurrels to be civil;
St. Louis gurrels for ribbins,
And New-Orleans gurrels for the divil.'

I could n't see the waiter who sung these lines, but I could hear him chanting away and brushing the floor in time with a broom. I was seated in the box of an eating-house, and as I did n't care to get up, I hollered out :

'How did you ever learn so much about American girls?'

The broom stopped whisking about, and over the top of the partition came the single word, in a sort of whiskey baritone :

'EXPARIENCE!'

I have never seen that waiter yet to know him. But he has, I dare say, in his time, carried a bowl of 'rale Mulligatawny' to Clark of the KNICKERBOCKER, has served squab owls to Fred Cozzens, and perhaps at one time and another heard words of wit and wisdom as he waited on Brother Shelton. For the place I'm talking about is considerably patronized by the Sacred Order of the Knickerbockers, and it's not unlikely that the poetry, and wisdom, and knowledge of human nature, which turns up there, may have run out, in an Irish brain, into something such a heel-tap as the verses aforesaid.

Folks who live at hotels, and who, like Mace Sloper, have a sociable turn, may be said to live a great many small editions of life over and again, as far as making new sets of friends is concerned. For after all said and done, what is life but what we have to do with the people in it? According to *my* notions, a prisoner who never sees any body, don't live at all — leastways he only lives once and for one person, and that is himself. People in the quiet of family life make up a single set of friends, and live in that set — recruiting it a little in

society and at watering-places. It takes them a good while to regularly get up a new acquaintance, and it comes hard to lose it. At a hotel this sort of thing keeps a-going on all the time. Mace talks to Somebody at table—finds that Somebody cottons to him—smokes a segar with Somebody—is introduced to his friends—meets them every day for a week, and when they start for Boston or are ‘off for Baltimore,’ bids them good-by, and buckles to a new set. So we go! Life in New-York generally has a good deal of this sort of thing in it. We do n’t lose time in making friends or losing them any more than we do with money. We swallow life in small doses, and take a good many of them, and thus like old toppers contrive to keep on a good head of steam all the while, before we knock under to the final tipsification of death.

Talking of life, puts me in mind of what Mrs. Twiggles said a few days ago. She thought that a dinner was a good deal like life. ‘Mr. Sloper,’ says she, ‘the soup is the baby time of life.’

‘Exactly,’ says I, ‘considerable slop and slobber.’

‘Not exactly,’ says she. ‘I mean that it is innocent and mild.’

‘Precisely,’ I replied, ‘and spooney.’

‘The fish,’ she continued, ‘is a more advanced period. It is like boyhood and girlhood, when we begin to find something more solid in life —’

‘Yes,’ says I, ‘we begin to find that we have to fork over to keep a-going.’

‘We advance to maturity,’ said she, without minding me, ‘with the more substantial food, and people begin to show what their tastes are, by what they choose.’

‘Yes,’ answered I, ‘and those that look out best for themselves, and can manage the waiters well, get the best helped? And as for the side-dishes —’

‘Yes, Mr. Sloper, how do you regard the side-dishes?’

‘With very great favor,’ says I. ‘They are the real tit-bits of life. They are light, fanciful, agreeable, and notional. In fact they about answer to — *love!*’

‘A very good idea,’ replied Mrs. T. ‘Well — to continue. Game corresponds to a more advanced period —’

‘Particularly if the game is a good deal advanced in flavor?’

‘The pies and puddings and things,’ says the widow, ‘are old age, when we require little delicacies, and begin to be dainty and particular. As for the dessert, I must own that my powers of comparison are at fault.’

‘The dessert,’ says I, ‘shows what the fruits of life are, any how.’

‘And the cup of coffee without cream is the dark termination.’

‘And the thimble-full of cognac or Marry-skinno,’ answered I, ‘is the spirit which an’t dead yet, after all is wound up and settled.’

‘That may be *your* spirit,’ says the widow. ‘I don’t pretend to carry out the comparison to such lengths.’ And as we had really got to the end of our dinner, I escorted her to the ladies’ parlor.

T H E F E W .

BY JEROME A. MABET.

I.

HARP-STRINGS that stir with faery sounding motion,
 At the deep hour of shadows and of dreams,
 Rainbows that brighten on the desert ocean,
 Diamonds through caverns pouring sun-like gleams:

II.

If *these* are mysteries for mournful feeling,
 How may we note the strange and grievous fate
 Of spirits, radiant with rare revealing,
 Yet with their gifts for blessing desolate.

III.

'Neath lowly roof away by singing river,
 Or 'mid the greetings of the city-room,
 For Soul's excelling still is clinging ever
 The solitude that makes its lovely doom.

IV.

Ah! shameless, too, that even an inviting
 For mindless malison and heartless wrong,
 The life, serenely leal to the lighting
 Of Truth and Beauty, slighted 'mid the throng!

V.

Ah! for the heedless harming! yet to seeming
 These brave ones bide the arrow with such art,
 A world familiar by is never deeming
 How much endurance is of them a part.

VI.

Their hearts are human, sure, and own to sorrow
 For the missed kindling of communion's glow,
 And that no mirroring dear from Time they borrow —
 Yet more for others than themselves their wo!

VII.

Ever within, to chaunting low and tender,
 All fair glad things their trancing story tell,
 Till Thought grows wise and rapturous to render,
 Only responding to that winning spell.

VIII.

And then, how sadly Love with them is leaning
 O'er lives in time — the silent and the cold
 To true inspiring — void to these of meaning
 As prayer and rite to gods of marble mould!

Rockton, N. Y.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS: To which is added PORSONIANA: In one volume: pp. 343. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

ENTERTAINING as this various volume certainly is, we have yet the impression that it scarcely does justice to the conversation of ROGERS; certainly not, as it has been described to us by distinguished Americans who have enjoyed his society abroad, and partaken of his elegant and refined hospitality. What a fund of reminiscence was his! 'The man who remembered JOHNSON, and GARRICK, and SHERIDAN, and BURKE; who had been in familiar intercourse with SCOTT, and BYRON, and SOUTHEY, and CAMPBELL, and WORDSWORTH; whose house was the resort of the notabilities of the day for at least two generations of the world of London; and who himself was one of the 'observed of all observers' during such memorable times of political and literary excitement; such a man could not but be a remarkable person.' We shall plunge at once into the volume, without comment; being assured that the reader will read a few of the good things which it contains with more pleasure than he would peruse critical remarks upon its merits or its defects. Our extracts are taken inconsecutively, and are such as struck us most favorably in running through the work:

'I CAN hardly believe what was told me long ago by a gentleman living in the Temple, who, however, assured me that it was fact. He happened to be passing by Sir JOSHUA's house in Leicester Square, when he saw a poor girl seated on the steps and crying bitterly. He asked what was the matter; and she replied that she was crying 'because *the one shilling* which she had received from Sir JOSHUA for sitting to him as a model, had proved to be a bad one, and he would not give her another.'

'DR. FORDYCE sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady-patient, when he was more than half-seas-over, and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered: 'Drunk, by God!' Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed: and just as he was thinking what explanation of his behavior he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand. 'She too well knew,' said the letter, 'that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter secret in consideration of the inclosed,' (a hundred-pound bank-note.)'

'SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT once met QUIN at a very small dinner-party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house, pushing the dish toward QUIN, beg-

ged him to taste. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. 'Pray,' said QUIN, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, 'which is the pudding!'

'SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, when a young man, was one day in the Mount (a famous coffee-house in Mount-street, Grosvenor Square) with HARVEY ASTON. Various persons were seated at different tables. Among others present, there was an Irishman who was very celebrated as a duellist, having killed at least half-a-dozen antagonists. ASTON, talking to some of his acquaintance, swore that he would make the duellist stand barefooted before them. 'You had better take care what you say,' they replied; 'he has his eye upon you.' 'No matter,' rejoined ASTON; 'I declare again that he shall stand barefooted before you, if you will make up among you a purse of fifty guineas.' They did so. ASTON then said in a loud voice: 'I have been in Ireland, and am well acquainted with the natives.' The Irishman was all ear. ASTON went on: 'The Irish, being born in bogs, are every one of them web-footed; I know it for a fact.' 'Sir,' roared the duellist, starting up from the table, 'it is false!' ASTON persisted in his assertion. 'Sir,' cried the other, 'I was born in Ireland; and I will prove to you that it is a falsehood.' So saying, in great haste he pulled off his shoes and stockings, and displayed his bare feet. The joke ended in ASTON's sharing the purse between the Irishman and himself, giving the former thirty guineas, and keeping twenty. SIR GEORGE assured me that this was a true story.*

'HERE's an epigram by ERSKINE, which is far from bad, (I know not if it has ever been printed:)

'THE French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without;
For nature that to them gave *gout*,
To us gave only gout.'

'THOMAS GRENVILLE told me this curious fact. When he was a young man, he one day dined with LORD SPENCER at Wimbledon. Among the company was GEORGE PITT, (afterward LORD RIVERS,) who declared that he could tame the most furious animal by looking at it steadily. LORD SPENCER said: 'Well, there is a mastiff in the court-yard here, which is the terror of the neighborhood: will you try your powers on him?' PITT agreed to do so; and the company descended into the court-yard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. PITT knelt down at a short distance from the animal, and stared him sternly in the face. They all shuddered. At a signal given, the mastiff was let loose, and rushed furiously toward PITT, then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and, leaping over PITT's head, ran away, and was not seen for many hours after.

'During one of my visits to Italy, while I was walking, a little before my carriage, on the road, not far from Vicenza, I perceived two huge dogs, nearly as tall as myself, bounding toward me, (from out a gate-way, though there was no house in sight.) I recollected what PITT had done; and trembling from head to foot, I yet had resolution enough to stand quite still and eye them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot, came up to me, stopped for a moment, and then went back again.'

'CHANTREY began his career by being a carver in wood. The ornaments on that mahogany sideboard, and on that stand, [in Mr. ROGER's dining-room,] were carved by him. [Subsequently, when a gentleman informed Mr. ROGERS that the truth of this last statement had been questioned, he entered into the following particulars. CHANTREY said to me one day: 'Do you recollect that, about twenty-five years ago, a journeyman came to your house, from the wood-carver employed by you and Mr. HOPE, to talk about these ornaments, and that you gave him a drawing to execute them by?' I replied that I recollected it perfectly. 'Well,' continued CHANTREY, 'I was that journeyman.' When he was at Rome in the height of his celebrity, he injured himself not a little by talking with contempt of the finest statues of antiquity. JACKSON (the painter) told me that he and CHANTREY went into the studio of DANNECKER the sculptor, who happened to be from home. There was an unfinished bust in the room; and CHANTREY, taking up a chisel, proceeded to work upon it. One of the assistants immediately rushed forward, in great alarm, to stop him; but no sooner had CHANTREY given a blow on the chisel, than the man exclaimed, with a knowing look: 'Ha! ha!' as much as to say: 'I see that you perfectly understand what you are about.'

'I KNOW few lines finer than the concluding stanza of *Life*, by MRS. BARBAULD, who composed it when she was very old:

* A SIMILAR story is related of the Irishman from whom MACKLIN took the idea of SIR CALLAGHAN O'BALLAGHAN, (in *Love à la Mode*.) MACKLIN professing his belief that he, like other Irishmen, must have a tail, he instantly pulled off his coat and waistcoat, to convince him of his mistake, assuring him 'that no Irishman, in that respect, was better than another man.' — COOKE'S *Memoirs of Macklin*, p. 225.—Ed.

'LIFE! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning!'

'A CERTAIN man of pleasure about London received a challenge from a young gentleman of his acquaintance; and they met at the appointed place. Just before the signal for firing was given, the man of pleasure rushed up to his antagonist, embraced him, and vehemently protested that 'he could not lift his arm *against his own flesh and blood!*' The young gentleman, though he had never heard any imputation cast upon his mother's character, was so much staggered, that (as the ingenious man of pleasure had foreseen) no duel took place.

'HUMPHREY HOWARTH, the surgeon, was called out, and made his appearance in the field stark-naked, to the astonishment of the challenger, who asked him what he meant. 'I know,' said H., 'that if any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound, festering ensues; and therefore I have met you thus.' His antagonist declared, that fighting with a man *in parvis naturalibus* would be quite ridiculous; and accordingly they parted without further discussion.'

'To any one who has reached a very advanced age, a walk through the streets of London is like a walk in a cemetery. How many houses do I pass, now inhabited by strangers, in which I used to spend such happy hours with those who have long been dead and gone!'

'Most people are ever on the watch to find fault with their children, and are afraid of *praising* them for fear of *spoiling* them. Now, I am sure that nothing has a better effect on children than *praise*. I had a proof of this in MOORE's daughter: he used always to be saying to her: 'What a *good* little girl!' and she continued to grow more and more good, till she became too good for this world, and died.'

'At one time, when I gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, and high up, in order to show off the pictures. I asked SYDNEY SMITH how he liked that plan. 'Not at all,' he replied, 'above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'

'He said that — was so fond of contradiction, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night, and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

'When his physician advised him to 'take a walk upon an empty stomach,' SMITH asked: 'Upon whose?'

'LADY CORK,' said SMITH, 'was once so moved by a charity-sermon, that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. I did so. She never repaid me, and spent it on herself.'

Mr. ROGERS was a very rich man, and it is greatly to his honor that he gave liberally of his goods to feed the poor, the widow, the fatherless, and they that had none to help them. Nor did he boast of his benefactions. He did good by stealth, and desiderated not the fame that belongs to acts so generous. He was an accomplished connoisseur; an appreciative critic; and a liberal patron of the fine arts and of literature. What he was as a writer, the world knows. His 'Pleasures of Memory,' and his 'Italy,' sufficiently attest his literary renown. '*Porsoniana*,' with which the volume concludes, it strikes us would have had a better title in '*Recollections of a Learned Toper*;' a man who, with all his vast knowledge of Greek — in which he had neither superior nor equal — could yet say: 'If I had a son, I should endeavor to make him familiar with French and English authors, rather than with the classics. After all, Greek and Latin are only luxuries.' The world, to be sure, is far from agreeing with PORSON in this; but it is none the less a most remarkable admission, as coming from so renowned a master of the ancient classics. It would have greatly added to the attraction of the book of which we are now taking our leave, had there been a good portrait of

ROGERS in it. But we presume the fact prevailed, that he was *too* ugly for such an exposition. We have often remarked a statuette of the poet, on the mantel of the 'CRAYON' library at Sunnyside. The likeness is pronounced to be exceedingly well-preserved, but the face is not what might be termed 'decidedly handsome.' 'When I first saw him, at his greatly-advanced age,' said our friend L —, the other day, 'I thought he was a baboon: he was so *very* baboonical!'

HUMOROUS POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD: Including Love and Lunacy, Ballads, Tales and Legends, Odes and Addresses to Great People, and Miscellaneous Poems, now First Collected. Edited by ERES SARGENT. In one volume: pp. 476. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

WE welcome with the most cordial greeting any new collection of the writings of THOMAS HOOD: if they have been 'estrays' from the *preserves* of previous editors, they are 'fugitives from justice;' from that appreciation which their perusal will at once command. HOOD had a *heart*, and what he wrote feelingly, and not playfully, *came* from it, unmistakably; and even in his lighter pieces — his '*head-work*,' as he termed it — how much of genuine humanity informed them! The present volume succeeds one that was issued by the same publishers about a year since, which it was thought would include all the poems that fell within the scope and plan of the discriminating Editor; but it was soon ascertained that it would not satisfy the demand for HOOD's productions, although it was the most complete collection that had been made at the time of its appearance. 'We received,' says Mr. SARGENT, 'different letters, suggesting that some favorite of the writer was omitted, which had originally appeared, perhaps in a magazine or annual, and had not been inserted in any collection of the author's poems.' Even the present volume, it is thought, does not exhaust the uncollected writings of HOOD: for, aside from the periodical publications named in the preface, to which HOOD contributed, there was another, '*The Omnibus*,' in which, if we are not greatly mistaken, he frequently wrote, and always 'to edification.' The *Odes and Addresses to Great People*, here re-printed, were highly commended by COLERIDGE, and very justly. In the *Reminiscences* of HOOD there is a lively sketch of one of the dinners that occasionally brought together the contributors to his Magazine, which enables him to introduce some of the principal characters of the literary 'London in the Olden Time;' ELIA, BARRY CORNWALL, DE QUINCEY, EDWARD HERBERT, and their compeers. Not a few of the new things in this book are so very HOOD-like, that we cannot resist the inclination to afford our readers a slight 'taste of their quality:'

'*Poems by a Poor Gentleman*,' are introduced by the following among other remarks of the author:

'It seems all but impossible to be a poet, in easy circumstances. POPE has shown how verses are written by ladies of quality: and what execrable rhymes Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE composed in his chariot! In a hay-cart he might have sung like a BURNS. As the editors of magazines and annuals (save one) well know, the truly poetical con-

tributions which can be inserted, are not those which come post-free, in rose-colored tinted paper, scented with musk, and sealed with fancy wax. The real article arrives by post unpaid, sealed with rosin, or possibly with a dab of pitch or cobbler's wax, bearing the impression of a half-penny, or more frequently of a button: the paper is dingy and scant; the handwriting has evidently come to the author by nature; there are trips in the spelling, and PRISCIAN is a little scratched or so; but a rill of the true Castalian runs through the whole composition, though its fountain-head was a broken tea-cup, instead of a silver standish. A few years ago I used to be favored with numerous poems for insertion, which bore the signature of FITZ-NORMAN; the crest on the seal had probably descended from the Conquest, and the packets were invariably delivered by a Patagonian footman in green and gold. The author was evidently rich, and the verses were as palpably poor: they were declined, with the usual answer to correspondents who do not answer, and the communications ceased, as I thought, for ever, but I was deceived; a few days back one of the dirtiest and raggedest of street-urchins delivered a soiled whity-brown packet, closed with a wafer, which bore the impress of a thimble. The paper had more the odor of tobacco than of rose-leaves, and the writing appeared to have been perpetrated with a skewer dipped in coffee-grounds; but the old signature of FITZ-NORMAN had the honor to be my 'very humble servant' at the foot of the letter. It was too certain that he had fallen from affluence to indigence; but the adversity which had wrought such a change upon the writing implements, had, as usual, improved his poetry. The neat crow-quill never traced on the superfine Bath paper any thing so unaffected as the following '*Stanzas written under the Fear of Bailiffs:*'

'ALAS! of all the noxious things
That wait upon the poor,
Most cruel is that Felon-Fear
That haunts the Debtor's Door.

'Saint Sepulchre's begins to toll,
Sheriffs seek the cell:
So I expect their officers,
And tremble at the bell!

'I look for beer, and yet I quako
With fright at every tap;
And dread a *double-knock*, for oh!
I've not a *single rap*.'

In the '*Domestic Didactics*,' we find the following '*Ode to Peace*,' written 'under difficulties' by a servant, on the night of his mistress's grand party:

'O PEACE! oh! come with me and dwell —
But stop, for there's the bell.
O Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,
On Wednesday, when there's very few
In loft or pew —
Another ring, the tarts are come from BIRCH'S.
O Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage —
Hush! there's a carriage.
O Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods —
The five Miss Woods.
O Peace! thou art the goddess I adore —
There come some more.
O Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet —
That's Lord DRUM's footman, for he loves a riot.
O Peace!
Knocks will not cease.
O Peace! thou wert for human comfort planned —
That's WEIPPERT's band.
O Peace! how glad I welcome thy approaches —
I hear the sound of coaches.
O Peace! O Peace! — another carriage stops —
It's early for the BLENKINSOPs.

O Peace! with thee I love to wander,
But wait till I have showed up Lady SQUANDER,
And now I've seen her up the stair,
O Peace! — but here comes Captain HARE.
O Peace! thou art the slumber of the mind,
Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken —

If that is Alderman GUZZLE from Portsooken,
Alderman GOBBLE won't be far behind :
O Peace! serene in worldly shyness —
Make way there for his Serene Highness!

O Peace! if you do not disdain
To dwell among the menial train,
I have a silent place, and lone,
That you and I may call our own ;
Where tumult never makes an entry —
SUSAN, what business have you in my pantry?
O Peace! but there is Major MONK,
At variance with his wife — O Peace!
And that great German, VANDER TRUNK,
And that great talker, Miss APREECE;
O Peace! so dear to poets' quills —
They're just beginning their quadrilles —
O Peace! our greatest renovator!
I wonder where I put my waiter —
O Peace! but here my Ode I'll cease:
I have no peace to write of Peace.'

In the '*Waterloo Ballad*' we have the melancholy story of a lover's enlistment in the army, told in HOOD's characteristic vein:

'INTO our town a sergeant came,
With ribbons all so fine,
A-flaunting in his cap — alas!
His bow enlisted mine.

'They taught him how to turn his toes,
And stand as stiff as starch;
I thought that it was Love and May,
But it was love and March.

'A sorry March indeed to leave
The friends he might have kept' —
No march of intellect it was,
But quite a foolish step.

'Oh! prithee tell, good sentinel,
If hereabout he lies?
I want a corse with reddish hair,
And very sweet blue eyes.'

'Her sorrow on the sentinel
Appeared to deeply strike:
'Walk in,' he said, 'among the dead,
And pick out which you like.'

'And soon she picked out PETER STONE,
Half turned into a corse;
A cannon was his bolster, and
His mattress was a horse.'

There are many capital 'hits' in the '*Ode to Dr. Hahnemann*,' the Homœopathist. He wants to know, among other matters, whether 'an attenuated dose of rosin will act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch-fiddle*?' — whether 'a gaping wound made by a ball that weighed a pound, can be cured by an application of number-six shot?' — and whether a man, mangled by a rabid dog, could be restored by 'a hair of the same animal that bit him?' But even with this fun, there peeps out the true HOODISH feeling:

'O DOCTOR HAHNEMANN, if here I laugh
And cry together, half-and-half,
Excuse me, 't is a mood the subject brings,
To think, while I have crowed like Chanticleer,
Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear
Hath gushed with my light levity at schism,
To mourn some martyr of empiricism:
Perchance, upon thy system, I have given
A pang, superfluous, to the pains of Sorrow,
Who weeps with Memory from morn till even;
Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,
Sighing to one sad strain,
'She will not come again,
To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow.'

He opens '*Shooting-Pains*' with the exclamation, 'If I shoot any more

I'll be shot!' and he proceeds to state what ill-luck has brought him to this decision :

'To the pheasants — how well they're preserved!
My sport's not a jot more beholden,
As the birds are so shy,
For my friends I must buy,
And so send 'silver pheasants and golden.'

'I have tried every form for a hare,
Every patch, every furze that could shroud her,
With toil unrelaxed,
Till my patience is taxed,
But I cannot be taxed for hare-powder.

'I've been roaming for hours in three flats
In the hope of a snipe for a snap at;
But still vainly I court
The percussioning sport,
I find nothing for 'setting my cap at!'

'A woodcock—this month is the time —
Right and left I've made ready my lock for,
With well-loaded double,
But spite of my trouble
Neither barrel can I find a cock for.'

'*Paired, not Matched*,' is an amusing matrimonial contrasted sketch, from which we take a few stanzas :

'Or wedded bliss
Bards sing amiss,
I cannot make a song of it:
For I am small,
And my wife is tall,
And that's the short and long of it.

'When we debate
It is my fate
To always have the wrong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it.

'And when I speak
My voice is weak,
But hers — she makes a gong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it.

'She has, in brief,
Command-in-chief,
And I'm but aid-de-camp of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it.'

A single passage from '*The Compass, with Variations*,' must close our extracts from the humorous poems in this collection :

'Down went the wind, down went the wave,
Fear quitted the most finical;
The saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle:
When rose on high a frightful cry —
'The devil's in the binnacle!'

'The Saints be near,' the helmsman cried,
His voice with quite a falter —
'Steady's my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter;
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar.

'The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at th' apprentice;
No fancy of the German Sea
Of Fiction the event is;
But when they at the compass looked,
It seemed *non compos mentis*.

'Now north, now south, now east, now west,
The wavering point was shaken:
'Twas past the whole philosophy
Of NEWTON or of BACON:
Never by compass, till that hour,
Such latitudes were taken.'

And with the subjoined '*Answer to a Lady who Requested the Author to write some Verses in her Album declaratory of what he Liked and what he Disliked*,' we take our leave of the volume: simply adding that its externals

are such as have always distinguished the publications of the popular house whence we derive it :

'You bid me mention what I like,
And, gayly smiling, little guess
How deeply may that question strike
The chords of solemn thankfulness.

'I like my friends, my children, wife —
The home they make so blessed a spot:
I like my fortune — calling — life —
In every thing I like my lot;
And feeling thus, my heart's imbued
With never-ceasing gratitude.

'What I dislike, you next demand.
A puzzling query ; for in me
Naught that proceeds from Nature's hand
Awakens an antipathy.

'But what I like the least are those
Who nourish an unthankful mind,
Quick to discern imagined woes,
To all their real blessings blind;
For that is double want of love,
To man below, and God above.'

TOILING AND HOPING : THE STORY OF A LITTLE HUNCH-BACK. By JENNY MARSH. In one volume : pp. 398. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON. Number 119 Nassau-street.

WE ask our readers' favorable suffrages for this work. It is the first production of a modest but gifted correspondent of this Magazine, to which she has contributed many gems of simple, earnest poesy, which her countrymen and women, with hearts in their bosoms, will not willingly let die! We quite agree with our friend General MORRIS, of the '*Home Journal*,' who says justly of the book: 'It is a narrative of *home*, and its characters are such as are met around the fire-side. They do not claim the perfections of angels, or the imperfections of demons, like the unnatural delineations of many of our modern fashionable novels. In this respect they are true to life; for there are no persons entirely free from blemishes, and the worst, no matter how forbidding their moral aspect may appear, have an 'angel side,' in moments of inward reflection. The book is apparently worked up from an interesting personal experience. It endeavors to show what great good we may do, even under the most threatening discouragements, if, like FLORENCE McALPINE, the Hunch-back, we *hope and toil*, trusting in the love of our FATHER, to guard and guide us. We know it will not find its warmest friends among the lovers of brilliant, marvellous, and highly-exciting fiction; but it will assuredly win a welcome place in the private study, the useful library, and at the Christian fire-side, where it will encourage many a fainting heart to 'be not weary in well-doing.' The style of the authoress is of that sincere and pleasing character which proceeds from a cultivated taste, a well-stored mind, and a heart filled with emotional sympathies. Though

comparatively a young writer, she gives hopeful promise of a wide and lasting reputation; and we sincerely hope she may realize the justifiable anticipations of herself and publishers, on behalf of this, her maiden publication.' We regret our inability to present more than one extract, illustrating in a few nice, artistic touches, the unhappiness consequent upon a marriage for money :

'Long I lay awake that night after I had gone to my pillow. My thoughts were of a nature that would not be quieted, and although weary in body and mind, I could not repress them. Poor LUCY and WILLIE, and nearest to my heart at that hour, our BIRDIE.

'She had had a long confidential talk with me that day, and she had revealed herself more fully, had confessed her faults and errings, her incapability to do right, until, overcome by the sadness of her own story, she had lain upon my bosom and wept.

'O mother!' said she, in a half-whisper, and looking cautiously around the twilighted room, 'I do not love M. DURAND, and never, never can.'

'Why did you marry him, BIRDIE?'

'Oh! I can hardly tell why. I shrank from it a long time; but was finally overcome by others as well as myself.'

'Did you not know that it would make you miserable—that you sinned deeply against God and yourself in marrying a man that you did not love?'

'Yes; such thoughts did come sometimes; but they were always stifled. He loves me, mother, tenderly and truly, and surrounds me with all my heart can wish. There is no one else in the wide world that could love me as he does.'

'BIRDIE?'

'There was an unconscious rebuke in my voice. She comprehended me, and looked up searchingly into my face, as if half-doubting my possession of her hidden secret.

'Shall I tell you where your lifetime mistake has been?' asked I.

'Yes;' and she dropped her gaze, and her brow and neck grew crimson.

'In selling yourself for wealth and a high position. Am I mistaken?'

'No, mother.'

'And now, BIRDIE, though you have taken that step, it is your stern duty to do all that is in your power to increase the happiness of your husband. In neglecting that, you augment your guilt and sin.'

'I shall never make him happy, for I can not disguise my feelings, or school myself as you teach. He will see my hypocrisy before long, and then he will be as miserable as I am. Oh! I do wish that I was dead.'

'Do not speak so, BIRDIE, nor cherish such a sinful desire. You have erred most deeply, yet there are redeeming powers still living in your heart, which, if cultivated with patience and faith, will shed a radiance around your life, illuminating the past with a holy light, and casting blessed beams upon the future. You have chosen a path that is dark and rough, and the thorns your hands have planted will tear your feet, yet you must hope and toil, and keep them from wounding him that is to journey beside you. Remember, BIRDIE, that now the happiness of another beside your own is committed to your charge. And that it is in your power—yes, darling, it is in your power—to increase or destroy both.'

'I am not good enough for so great a task. If I loved him—oh! if I only could love him now that I have married him!'

'Your feelings must control you no longer. You must yield to a right sense of duty.'

'And that is weak before all that it has to combat with. But what is the use in talking this over, it won't do any body a mite of good,' and, sighing heavily, she lifted her head from my breast.

'Do not think so, my child. I hope that it will lead you to an endeavor that will calm your turbid life. Shall it not?'

'I cannot promise,' she said, turning her face toward the window where the lingering light was floating faintly in. 'If I was only as firm in the right as I am in the wrong, there would be more hope for me;' and she pressed her quivering lips tightly together.

'Do not despond, BIRDIE; you have power to make a noble example of your life. Arouse yourself to the effort; lean trustingly upon God, and He will not forsake you.'

'During our ride to SUSAN's our conversation had been resumed, and though the subject had been a sad and painful one to me, yet there was a joy-vibrating chord, and a hymn of gratitude ascending from my soul, that the icy barrier was gone, and I was permitted once more to hold our BIRDIE to my heart.

'A slight allusion to CHARLIE GREY, and the unguarded remark she made concerning him, convinced me that our suspicions of her concealed attachment for him were

well-founded. She did love with all the fervor of her being, and now that she had, of her own will, placed a stern barrier between them, she struggled, yearned, and wept to be free. And she was but three days a bride — alas ! *BIRDIE !*”

We can hardly bring ourself to doubt, that *‘Toiling and Hoping’* will have a wide sale. It appeals to many human sympathies ; and there is something in the self-denying, *‘toiling and hoping’* history of the young writer, which should make her volume welcome to every fire-side.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GIRARD COLLEGE: before the Board of Directors, the City Councils, and Others: January Second, 1856. By Hon. ROBERT T. CONRAD. Philadelphia: CRISSEY AND MARKLEY, GOLDSMITHS’ HALL, Library-street.

THIS well-written and in portions, very eloquent pamphlet, will go far to remove the impression, which not a few persons in our metropolis entertain, that STEPHEN GIRARD was ‘an old HUNKS,’ who only gave away his money when he could hold it no longer, having neither ‘chick nor child’ to leave it to, and therefore, perforce, endowing a college with it. To all who thus assume, or who thus believe, we commend a perusal of Mayor CONRAD’S Address. We are slow to admit that Mr. GIRARD would not more affectionately have commended himself to the hearts of his fellow-citizens and to those whom his munificence was to benefit in after-times, if he had built and endowed his magnificent college while he himself was living and could look upon the good that he was doing ; as our own Mr. PETER COOPER can look upon his noble benefaction to our city, and enjoy the grateful appreciation of his enlightened forecast and splendid charity. We annex a few passages from Mr. CONRAD’S Address :

‘The world is apt, I know not why, to smile at the thought that intellect can assert its power and vindicate its destiny in the pursuits of commerce. The details of trade are supposed to be too petty and sordid for the misty grandeur and mysterious majesty of that indefinable prerogative of nature which bears the abused title of genius. The paltry wars and alliances of barter, the triumphs of low-browed cunning, of darkling diligence and ducking meanness, the addition of dollar to dollar, or even of thousands to thousands — what has genius, what can it have, to do with such a stage or such actors ? This folly is as vulgar as it is weak. The same spirit of disdain would find in every, the highest arena of life, public or private, equal food for contemptuous censure. That which is remote and unknown is, by the mists which intervene, magnified ; and the fields of human exertion and triumph, superstitiously regarded as grand, are often so regarded only because unfamiliar. The mountain which, when viewed in the distance, with its wavy forests and towery cliffs, glorious in the golden light, solemn in the softening shadows, and rejoicing in the harmonious contrast of sublimity and beauty, inspires awe and admiration, forfeits its spell with the tired traveller, who toils over its familiar obstructions, and contends with its petty annoyances. The city, too, which, regarded remotely, delights the eye with palace and tower, steeple and dome, presenting one wide-spread architectural glory, is, when reached, often found to be crowded with sordid huts and sickening alleys. And thus it is, that the most exalted objects of our admiration, whether it be in regard to the sphere of human action or the star that shines in it, whether the career or the actor, whether the war or the hero, politics or the statesman — or, in short, any other subject upon which credulous admiration expends itself — are ever the most remote and least familiar. This is especially true of individuals, whether as to their genius or their virtue. The purest and wisest of modern men, RICHARD BAXTER, says, in a work posthumously published : ‘I now see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections ; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think.’ Those at whose names the world turned

pale were no heroes to their valets: BACON was the 'meanest of mankind' to those who knew him; NEWTON was but 'an inspired simpleton' in company: the sublimest genius that was ever kindled by the breath of HEAVEN, was only the 'gentle SHAKESPEARE' to his boon comrades of *The Mermaid*; and MILTON's divine mid-night inspirations, born of the night, but living in an eternal day of glory, were not considered by his secretary-daughter worth the homeliest of the honest dreams from which the sightless, all-seeing bard disturbed her, to give them an ever-during record. If the philosopher and the poet, the hero and the divine, the statesman and the moralist, were seen at home instead of being viewed as upon a remote elevation, it would be found, after all, that no one career can boast of its privileged preëminence. Commerce being, in its lesser details, familiar to all, the true greatness of its laws, its tides that sway the world, and the master-minds that sway those tides, are not adequately appreciated. If the vastness of the field of action be considered, the extent and variety of information and minuteness of detail required, the power to grasp, comprehend, compare and decide upon large and conflicting masses of facts, the courage to dare and the prudence to control perilous ventures, the perseverance to tire down time and fortune in exertions, and the diligence and skill to render those exertions successful — where has the mind of man a wider or loftier sky to soar in than commerce? Who will compare the contracted circle of the world's feathered and fortunate heroes with the sphere in which the great merchant, by the straining of every thew and sinew of the mind, wins his fearless victories?

Now how few have an idea of the character of STEPHEN GIRARD, as depicted in the subjoined extract: how few, too, know WILLIAM B. ASTOR, as he really is: the man who stood up before the Executive Committee of the Astor Library, the other day, and in words of almost stammering modesty, donated ground, building, books, *every* thing, to *double* the present institution, that superb monument to his father's renown:

'GIRARD regarded money as a means, an instrument, valuable only as it attained noble results. He, it may be, loved it, as the warrior loves his sword, the student his book, the poet his pen, the merchant his ledger, the yeoman his plough. His object was remote, romantic, apparently inaccessible. It was, by that agent, his slave and not his master, to win as large a kingdom as could be wrenched from the future, and to people that kingdom with happy orphans. Every dollar accumulated widened that kingdom, and made another castaway happy. To this end he lived and died. It is true, that, on the way, he distributed his charities with a spirit liberal as day; that affliction never in vain appealed to him, with a just claim to his protection; but, from the first and ever, the cynosure of his life was the great result which we now celebrate. Many good men have many good objects of sympathy and interest; but genius, engrossed by one great thought, one object worthy of a life, disdains every minor consideration, and disregards every influence that may interpose to weaken it. He dedicated his life to build this *Temple of Orphanage*. But while he sacrificed himself, his ambition, his comforts, all that constituted the living, rejoicing man, to that one great thought, he reared the structure without placing in it one violated principle, a wrong, a reproach, a dollar won by sinister thrift, by unworthy ingenuity or perverted power. It is raised upon his life, and that life is a rock, cold and stern it may be, but white as the marble above it, and without a flaw.

'Modest and retiring, GIRARD betrayed his real character to the public by those virtues which he could not conceal. His gentle and affectionate nature, which poured its affluence of kindness upon all who were near him and merited his friendship, (for he never lost a friend nor gave up a clerk or agent,) was covered, like gold in the mine, by a calm reserve, a reserve which, never obtruding, was sheltered from obtrusion, and, defying censure, repelled praise. But when danger, distress, and difficulty invoked the interposition of the good, his humility could no longer hide him. Such occasions betrayed the cherished but concealed virtue of his noble nature. Thus, when the best and bravest of our people fled from the pestilence, when the grass grew in our streets, and the rattling cart that bore the dead echoed through the solitude and silence of mid-day as at the dead mid-night; when all, save a few devoted physicians, fled, GIRARD took the city under his protection, supplied funds, employed nurses, became physician, nurse, guardian, friend and protector. No miser's spirit ever prompted such virtues. In danger the most fearful and labors the most loathsome, thus he devoted himself for months to his fellow-men. Yet in this, as in all his life, there was an anxious aversion to ostentation. He lived as if he believed that he belonged not to himself but to his brother man. During the latter war with Great Britain, he again betrayed his unselfish devotion to his fellow-men. His credit, his fortune and influence were placed at the disposal of his country. But throughout his life, his benevolence was proved by daily charities, given in the most

unostentatious spirit, but never without discretion, and never to conciliate public opinion. One of his noblest characteristics was, that he lived and acted under the dictates of duty, and, content with self-approbation, paid no base tribute to the prejudices of the mob or the moment. The charity which is extorted by idleness and vice, from ostentation, is a conscious wrong to the community, and is the fruitful source of crime and misery. An instance of wiser benevolence, as exhibited by GIRARD, has not been recorded, and is worthy of mention. A robust mendicant applied to him, at his store, for charity. 'Work!' was the response of GIRARD: 'I work; why should not you?' 'Give me work, and I will ask no alms,' said the petitioner. GIRARD directed him to bear, from one side of his yard to the other, a huge pile of bricks. The sturdy beggar applied himself vigorously to the task, and, having faithfully completed it, claimed pay and further employment. He was liberally recompensed by GIRARD, who had supervised his labors from the window of his counting-room. 'And what shall I do *now*?' said the beggar. 'Take the bricks back to the place where you found them,' said GIRARD; who, upon satisfactory evidence of his industry, gave him better and permanent employment.

'His humanity was ever prompt to minister to the wretched. I have the best authority for stating that, upon one occasion, he supported and tended, for many months, with daily assiduity and tenderness, a poor, old colored woman, a servant in his household, whose physician — for his only boast was his medical skill — he became. She was bed-ridden, and afflicted with dangerous ulcers; and at the period of his greatest prosperity, GIRARD, when his hours were worth thousands, waited patiently by her bedside, ministered to her feebleness, dressed her loathsome afflictions with his own hands, and was more proud of her recovery than of his fortune and power. Is this the picture of a miser?'

Such records as these do befitting justice to the benefactors of our race, and insure a fame as enduring as the marble which they commemorate.

INDIA: THE PEARL OF PEARL RIVER. By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. In one volume: pp. 436. Philadelphia. T. B. PETERSON.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH is one of our recent lady-authors who has attained the ear of the public. Late as she is in the field, however, she has pursued a straightforward career, and has distanced not a few female competitors. Three or four of her domestic novels, each one of which (except the first!) followed the other in quick succession, have been widely perused; and the publisher has reason to congratulate himself, that there has been no falling off in the demand for her productions: since public favor is not unfrequently a fickle dependence. All that we can say of the present volume, is, that we have not been *permitted* to read it. It was loaned, one night, to a friend going west in the morning-train by rail; and his verdict is, that it beguiled the tediousness of nearly four hundred miles' travel over a road each point of which was as familiar as his own metropolitan chimney-corner; but — he did n't bring back the book. Of course, he can have *another* new, unread book from off our table: 'oh! certainly!' Meantime, we present, from the *Criterion*' literary journal, a *resumé* of the work:

'INDIA, the Pearl of Pearl River, is an only child. She has an uncle, a bachelor; an aunt a widow; and a cousin, the widow's son. They live in Mississippi on the banks of Pearl River; own large plantations, and many slaves. INDIA is affianced to her cousin MARK SUTHERLAND, who is at a Northern college. MARK graduates; and then, before returning to his home, at the earnest solicitation of his friend LAUDERDALE attends the annual abolition-meeting in New-York. He is impressed the first evening, excited the second, and gets his head broke on the third. When he recovers, either the arguments or the club have enlightened him upon the subject of slavery, and he determines, as a

matter of conscience, to manumit all his slaves, send them to Liberia, settle the remainder of his estate upon his mother, marry INDIA, and then go West, set up a law-office, and make a fortune. Cashmere is the name of CLEMENT SUTHERLAND's plantation, and INDIA, his daughter, lives in a style of 'oriental grandeur and eastern magnificence.' Mrs. VIVIAN, a young widow, and her step-daughter ROSALIE, are INDIA's guests. Mrs. VIVIAN is pretty, and so is ROSALIE; but Mrs. VIVIAN is healthy and ROSALIE delicate, and we know at once that the young lady is doomed to die before the close of the book. MARK SUTHERLAND returns to put his plan into operation, and LAUDERDALE accompanies him to observe its effects. The family are exasperated at the declaration of his intentions, and give him the cold-shoulder, while INDIA, instigated by her father, rejects MARK definitively, unless he relinquish his designs. Principle prevails over passion, and he at once proceeds to put his purpose in execution. LAUDERDALE, having been unequivocally 'cut,' returns to the North, leaving his friend 'disdained, deserted, desolate,' to pursue his philanthropic schemes. Every thing is concluded. He leaves his old home for the West and wealth, 'with ninety dollars in his pocket,' having fulfilled his unselfish determination without encouragement or consolation, except that which one incident might afford. When all had looked coldly upon him, the gentle invalid, ROSALIE, sent him a little BIBLE, in which she had marked several sustaining passages. After eighteen months passed in a frontier town, SUTHERLAND is forced to seek some other source of profit than the law, because, on account of his unacquaintance with its technicalities, he fails to obtain admission to the bar. In this emergency he sees an advertisement for a classical and mathematical teacher, which he answers, and in the course of a month receives a communication accepting his proposition. The advertiser resides at Ashley House, somewhere in Virginia, to which place MARK at once proceeds. He is required as tutor to two young gentlemen, whose brother, ST. GERALD ASHLEY, is in Congress creating a great sensation. At Ashley House he finds Mrs. VIVIAN and ROSALIE. ROSALIE is being vigorously and pertinaciously courted by an unexceptionable young gentleman, ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. She declines his matrimonial proposal, and it is very clear she loves another, though we are all supposed to have not the slightest idea who that other is. Meanwhile it is announced that ST. GERALD ASHLEY is to marry the reigning belle of Washington, whom we all know to be INDIA, that is, all but MARK. Just as ST. GERALD and his bride are at the door of Ashley House, ROSALIE, with proper delicacy and with great agitation, tells SUTHERLAND the name of the bride. SUTHERLAND, who after all, does know who she is, relieves ROSALIE's embarrassment, and uttering some noble sentiments upon his peculiar relations, discloses the fact that he no longer loves INDIA. ROSALIE is excited; MARK ditto; ROSALIE cannot conceal her emotions, MARK is under the same influence, and then they ascertain that they love each other, and that they have done so ever so long. Without any premonition, the young bride has MARK SUTHERLAND presented to her, and she faints from the sudden shock. Then follow many minor incidents, concluding with the marriage of Mrs. VIVIAN and LAUDERDALE, whose god-father has died and left him sixty thousand dollars, and the marriage of ROSALIE and MARK. The latter couple go out West. They 'rough it' in the bush, and are exposed to many perils, ROSALIE barely escaping death from a pack of prairie-dogs. INDIA and her husband go to Mississippi, where he becomes a drunkard. MARK's mother marries the doctor, and they remove to Texas. CLEMENT SUTHERLAND loses his property in speculation, and dishonestly disposes of the estate of his ward, ROSALIE, who forgives him and submits to the loss. INDIA, of course, is miserable. Her father and husband die, and she a poor widow goes to New-York, and becomes a music-teacher. Meanwhile MARK prospers; he becomes an editor and a judge, and then ROSALIE dies. After a while he rouses himself, and goes to Congress, where he makes an extraordinary oration. SUTHERLAND pays New-York a visit, accidentally discovers INDIA, visits her, proposes to her, and marries her.

Here is abundant incident for a stirring romance: and such, we are assured, '*India*' really is. The book is well executed, in its externals.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR 'UP-RIVER' CORRESPONDENT AT NIAGARA. — Our 'Up-River' correspondent is 'just himself' in the following letter, which, however, we are compelled to say, is not finished in the present number; the 'remainder by next mail' not having arrived as we go to press:

'Inter Boreales, March, 1856.

"NIAGARA! Niagara! careering in thy might,
The fierce and free Niagara shall be my theme to-night."

'LAST summer, when the sultry heats of August had continued many days, and the sun glared as it did on the streets of Marseilles, at the time when DICKENS began to write 'LITTLE DORRIT;' when the forest leaves had faded from their lively tints, and vegetation lost its crispness; when the garden from which I had *anticipated* so much pleasure had, after a too brief experiment with the hoe, been given over to the dominion of weeds; when the god-made *straw*, and scarcely less if not more delicious *rasp*, had been succeeded by the seedy, tough-skinned whortle (*huckle*) berry; and the crackling, scarlet radish, luscious peas, (of which a smart beau once remembered to have eaten *one*,) asparagus, (we call it sparrow-grass,) were followed by the common vegetable people, the beet, the turnip, and the rancorous cabbage—(O ye blooming cauliflowers! I name you not in any gardening of mine;) when violets, sweet roses, and the last woodbine were followed by a coarse yet gorgeous pomp of less redolent flowers; when ragged the dog-star, beasts of burden panted, and gave up the ghost; when brain-work was a most intolerable tax, and every kind of labor craved a short respite: I started off one day in search of recreation. With a divided choice of places, I had packed up my trunk for a ten days' journey. At first I thought of the Polyflosibocan Sea. Then my heart turned with fond affection to ever-glorious Hudson River; again I longed to look on the romantic cliffs of Saugenay; but at last resolved to breathe the air of the great lakes, and set my face toward Niagara. After some hours of dusty travel through a country where the woods and tangled marshes were in a state of conflagration, and the fiery torrent roared like a furnace, sweeping down all lesser obstacles, and, where a stout resistance was made, dashed upward like water in a liquid spray, and every twig became a burning bush, and the lofty pine, as if it knew the splendor of an autumnal bloom, shook off from its crown a multitude of fiery blossoms; we passed, with glowing axles, as we neared the lake, through the

midst of a watery labyrinth of pools and inlets, and after a long discordant shriek from the steam-whistle, stopped for the sake of getting rid of a little *dust* at Rouse's Point.

'Rouse's Point is associated with the most pleasant reminiscences of northern travellers. They may have been flying with hot haste on the wings of the wind, and with all the auxiliary power of steam; they may, in the urgency of their business, or in the ardor of their enterprise, have been desirous to push on; but here they stop. As the jurisconsults say: 'May it please the court, here we rest.' Lake Champlain washes the very steps of the hospitable domicile, as the Atlantic rolled upon the doorway of Mrs. PARTINGTON. An immense carriage-house is under the same extended roof, filled with gigantic engines, ponderous cars. Beasts of burden have no accommodation here. Oats are not found in their original form. It is a place of entertainment for *man*. A great brassy bell is rung at certain canonical hours, and let all who will, be it twenty or a thousand, sit down and partake freely. Every one must say his own grace. Between the proprietors of this hospice, (which, to those who travel to the far north, is like that of St. BERNARD — a sort of half-way house on the way to the highest Alp,) and betwixt other proprietors, there is a tacit agreement that here travellers shall be detained, though against their will, and whether necessary or not, for the very sake of hospitality; that they shall be compelled to walk for three or four hours on the wharf which forms the threshold of the establishment, to exercise the grace of patience, and study out the beauties of Lake Champlain. The major portion of those who arrive here stay all night. Rouse's Point is the greatest stopping-place in this Union. You may fly past St. Alban's with scarce time to eat a cracker; you may be whisked through burning woods, through flames and smoke and pools of water, without delay; you may regulate your stages like those of an oratorical sentence, with due pauses, such as the comma, the semicolon, and the colon; but at Rouse's Point you come to a *full stop*.

'A whole day's dusty travel next brought us to Ogdensburgh, where nothing remarkable is to be seen. There are no lions; not long ago there might have been a few wolves; a stray fox may even now pick up a few tit-bits around the suburbs. The hotel is pretty good. It is more than that. I ate of a dish at the table, for which I would very much like to have the receipt. I looked out from the windows upon a mansion which BECKFORD might have admired. It was very large, lofty, and completely embosomed in foliage, with extensive wings, out-houses, and a pleasant garden, and the grounds, occupying about the same space as a square in a great city, were surrounded by a brick wall twenty feet high, over which the vines crept and close-set trees towered, presenting an impervious barrier to profane eyes. It was a safe and secluded refuge from a naughty world.

'Spent a part of a day profitably, in getting out dust, grit, cinders, from hair, eyes, nose, mouth, pores, and garments; in brushing, switching, shaving, bathing, washing, cleansing; then embarking on a splendid steamer, bade farewell to the heat of the dog-star, to unpleasant smells, unpleasant sights, and the labors of travelling, to be launched upon the broad waves of the St. Lawrence. Passed some never-to-be-forgotten hours in gazing at the scenery of the enchanting panorama, floating past the Thousand Islands:

'MORNS that dot the dimpled bosom
Of the sunny summer sea.'

Well may the author of 'Black Hawk, an Epic Poem,' sing:

'St. Lawrence is a most tremendous river.'

since it is seven hundred miles long, and opens its mouth a hundred miles wide, and, with a headlong rapidity and vivacity which belong to no other American stream, pays its large tribute to the sovereign sea. Some of its islets seem like mere rocks or tufts wrenched away from the main, while others are covered with verdure, and beautiful as the paradise of BLENNERHASSET. Methought that for a space I should love to be a hermit, a recluse, an anchorite, or else an artist, a pilgrim, a lover of nature, or, passing still lower in the grade of saintliness, an *ennuyée*, a sportsman, or an epicure, with my cave scooped out, my hut built, my tent pitched, or else my house erected on one of those lovely islands, where I could wander to the marge, recline beneath my bower, read my book, and say my prayer; sit upon a rock, look upon the rising and the setting sun, fix my easel and paint my picture, or range about with dog and gun, to shoot the wild-fowl, or voyage in a light canoe, and shoot the rapids. *Plaudite!*

'THOMAS MOORE's songs, for their tenderness and musical cadence, though not to be matched for true and genuine loyalty to BURNS, sink deep into the soul; and among others the 'Canadian Boat-Song,' with its chorus, now came back upon my ears in faintest echoes from the past. I have read the life of 'LITTLE,' but what in the name of fine lords and ladies brought 'the Epicurean' to these backwoods I have almost forgotten. Before he began to feast on cream and honey, nectar and ambrosia, and other god-like diet, I believe that he was a petty pensioner of government in some West-India Island, and was thence wafted hither as to the nearest mainland. Those who can write most tenderly, are sometimes devoid of tenderness, and there is this against him, that in the midst of cordial greetings inspired by better than Anacreontic feeling, and in the midst of scenery like this, he wrote the bitterest and most malignant diatribe against the universal Yankee nation, wherein he characterizes them as

'Poor of heart, yet prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves, yet struggling to be lords;
Who pant for freedom while they spurn control,
And talk of rights with rapine in their soul.'

'While seated luxuriously at the extreme prow of the boat, on a coil of rope, where it would not be necessary to respond to the injunction, 'Make room for the ladies,' sailing among the 'Thousand Islands,' (*felic nomen!*) the last rays of the setting sun gilding the waves of that noble river, a Greek lyric, the 'Song of HARMODIUS and ARISTOGEITON,' commencing,

'HARMODIUS dear, thou art not dead,'

and making allusion to the 'Islands of the Blest,' came floating through my brain. But the pleasant reverie was disturbed; the bell rang, the rustling of ropes and tramp of feet was heard. We had attained Cape St. Vincent. Soon after that the night closed in, and we pushed out, as into a shoreless ocean, upon the waters of Lake Ontario. I walked listlessly for an hour in the gilded cabin of the boat, then went reluctantly to my state-room, and tried to sleep until the break of day.

'Bright and early the next day we were opposite Fort Niagara, and soon touched the opposite shore, where we had to exercise the grace of patience two hours, waiting for the engine to steam up which was to carry us to Suspension Bridge. Ascended the high bluff, and seeing a plain but well-built English Church pleasantly situated in the midst of a grove of trees, felt a desire to look at the inside of it, and just then the man who held the keys, with a keen perception of what I wanted, crossed the path, turned the bolt, and let me in. The interior did not cor-

respond with the outside. In the United States a church-building of the same pretensions with respect to size, would be rich in gilded prayer-books, soft cushions, and expensive upholstery. Here was nothing of the kind, although some people of 'quality' must have taken their seats in it on Sundays, judging from the sort who were buried in the adjoining grave-yard. With us a few fashionable worshippers in the rural districts frequently frighten away the common people by a display of riches. Enough on this point.

'I had once seen Niagara, but for a few hours, and now resolved to feast leisurely upon the spectacle, to rise up early and to sit up late, and to make the most of one week's stinted allowance. A year has nearly passed, and shall I now bring forth my journal? Niagara can be better felt than talked about.

'FIRST DAY.

'At eleven o'clock on a bright warm morning we got into a carriage somewhere near the Suspension Bridge, and a few minutes after saw the white smoke ascending from the great cauldron; and the cry, 'There it is!' soon burst from every lip as the Horse-Shoe Fall appeared in sight. I was sorry to be taken unawares and compelled to view it until I got ready, and so shut my eyes and kept them shut until the carriage stopped at the Clifton House. Hungry and dusty, one does not like to have the sight for which he has travelled five hundred miles enjoyed and over in a second. For my part, I wished to have one good hour for luxurious anticipation, and therefore took a bath, put on a clean suit of apparel, and partook of a late breakfast, instead of rushing out on the piazza with greedy and irreverent haste to stand unbaptized in the presence of sublimity and before the most majestic shrine of Nature on the whole earth. When the moment came, I threw open the window of my chamber and stepped forth on the long piazza of the Clifton Hotel. On the opposite side of it was a lawn, close-clipped and rolled, of the most delicious freshness, bedewed as it was by perpetual spray. The American Cataract, Goat Island, and Horse-Shoe Fall were in full view. The house stands a little back from the almost perpendicular precipice which overlooks the river — perhaps the most choice position for a mansion, with respect to scenery, which the world affords. The Canada shore presents decided advantages over the American. On the latter you look on only half the picture, but on the other take in with one glance the whole. From the hotels on the one side you can see nothing, whereas without stirring from the piazza of the Clifton House, you may carry away the best daguerreotype of the spectacle which can be had from any point. I will add that about the doors may be found a more importunate set of hackney-coachmen, black and white, than on any wharf in New-York. Not one in a dozen of them remains quietly on his box; but they thrust their whips beneath your nose if you are only going as far as Table-Rock. They profane the place by their reiterated cries, which smack more of NIBLO'S Garden than of Niagara Falls; one professing that he is full of legendary lore, and repeating doggerel about Miss MARTHA RUGG, and the rest clamoring about BROCK'S monument, Whirlpool, Burning Spring, and LUNDY'S Lane. They absolutely drown the cataract, in which they ought to be drowned; and you have to run the gauntlet of these fellows every time you step out of doors.

'Went for a first walk in the direction of Table-Rock. Discretion is the better part of valor. I kept off it, and had not the least curiosity to go under it, although a single file of young men, in water-proof dresses, preceded by the guide, crossed the path and went down the winding stair-case to the Cave of the Winds, where you can see scarcely any thing, but have your ears stunned, your skin drenched,

and run the risk of being mashed as flat by some falling rock as the clown in the pantomime. At Niagara you are carried above the Falls, under the Falls, up to the Falls, almost into the Falls, *all but over the Falls.*'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have not been in the regular receipt of our handsomely-executed contemporary, '*The National Magazine*,' but if all the numbers have been as good as those for January and February, we have lost much in missing their perusal. We are glad to see, that although issued under the auspices of the great Methodist Society, it does not ignore humor and playful satire. In the February issue there is a capital paper '*On Strengthening the Language*.' The critic speaks of reduplicating adjectives in poetry, as used by many writers, and especially by Mr. LONGFELLOW in his refrain:

—— 'A BOY's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,'

(lines the real meaning of which we fear must have escaped us,) and goes on to remark:

'THE *Reiterating Process in Literature* is just the reverse of what is known as the *Cesarean operation* in surgery. It aims to strengthen the language by repetition, as in this verse of the well-known song:

'My love is like the red, red rose.'

How the repetition of the adjective intensifies the idea, beautifies the language, and converts into poetry what would otherwise have all the flavor and the toughness of prose! Beside, to say,

'My love is like the red rose,'

is not only prosaic, but does not impart that sanguineous idea which was evidently intended. A red rose may mean one of the common cabbage-province variety; but a red-red rose is evidently something of a deeper tint—a brilliant crimson or bright scarlet. We have nothing to say in favor of the poet's choice, supposing the red red to apply to his love's hair, or eyes, or even nose. In fact, any part of her except her lips we should rather not have *red red*; but then tastes differ, and we are not disposed to be quarrelsome.

'Another verse, from a very soft and amatory poet, elucidates with still greater dulcifying power the forceful nature of the repeating process. We are personally acquainted with the author, and tender him the thanks of the community, hoping he may be as successful in storming the citadel of his beloved's heart as he has been in strengthening our debilitated English:

'O! my love, she has blue, blue eyes;
She is known by her small, small feet;
Does she hear, does she hear my sighs?
Does she know she is sweet, sweet, sweet?'

That is, of course, does she know that she is, in the estimation of her admirer, exceedingly sweet—the sweetest of all the damsels of his acquaintance? Forceful language, very! But the beauties of the verse are too apparent to need analyzing. Let us proceed.

'What an expressive title was that given to a recent publication, '*The Wide, Wide World*!' How the iteration expands the mental vision, and adds strength, solidity, grandeur to the language. That second '*wide*' is powerfully tonic, and fully equivalent to an ordinary-sized Burgundy-pitch plaster in its strengthening qualities.'

'ANY body can make poetry, and make it out of the baldest prose, by a little attention to this trick, a trick unknown to POPE or SHAKESPEARE. In illustration: We propose, for instance, to take a short jaunt into the country, and when informing you of our in-

tention, we add the hope that to-morrow will be a beautiful day. Very simple that, and very common-place. But now reiterate the adjective, and it becomes

'We hope that to-morrow will be
A beautiful, beautiful day.'

Or take a still more common-place illustration: Our help in the kitchen is all from the Emerald Isle; a bald truism, with no more poetry in it than there is in a potato. But reduplicate 'Emerald,' and the couplet will pass for one of LONGFELLOW'S:

'Our help in the kitchen is all
From the Emerald, Emerald Isle.'

And there, now, listen to BRIDGET talking to her mistress: 'Sure then, ma'am, for cleaning French windows I think there's nothing like soft soap.' Can you make poetry of that? Nothing easier:

'For cleaning French windows I think
There's nothing like soft, soft soap.'

'*The Synonymical*' is another style, touched upon by the critic, with illustrations that no clergyman can avoid heartily laughing at. The '*Outlines of a Synonymical Sermon*,' from the diverse and yet unique arrangement of it, kept us awake for a whole night. It explains until it confuses, and illustrates until it confounds. Of '*The Style Synonymical*,' the critic says:

'It is becoming exceedingly popular. It is applicable to prose as well as poetry. Lawyers use it, and clergymen. It is practised by orators in the national and state legislatures. In biography, history, and travels it is making its appearance, and prevailing more and more extensively. We can illustrate its beauty and its power by an extract from a recent auto-biography. Let the reader ponder well the following, and make it his study, if he is actuated by any desire to write nervous English;

'My life, that is, my biography, thus far, is barren of incidents and void of adventures. In publishing it, and making it known to the world, I study brevity and aim at condensation. I shall be succinct and compendious, not dwelling on matters of little importance, or spending time on events in themselves immaterial.

'In my youth and early days I was occasionally hasty and impetuous, sometimes rash and heedless, and not infrequently precipitate and incautious. By these means and on account of these traits I fell into many errors, committed numerous faults, and frequently went astray. In truth, and with a strict regard to veracity, I may say, and give it as my opinion, and declare it as my sentiment, that these peculiarities, and this idiosyncrasy, or, in other words, my peculiar mental temperament, or the constitution of my mind, was the cause and occasion of much that I now regret and lament, and am sorry for.

'I sought for happiness where it could not be found. I looked for felicity where it was not to be discovered. I inquired after bliss in those places, situations, and circumstances which neither bliss, nor felicity, nor happiness ever visited. Thus it remained with little change, and continued without much alteration, all through the days of my youth, the years of my juvenility, and the period of my adolescence.

'But when I did not expect it, sorrow visited me. I was not looking for misfortune, but it came. Grief overtook me, an unexpected guest, and calamities, troubles, and afflictions weighed heavily upon me, bowed me down to the earth, and pressed ponderously upon my body, soul, and spirit. Then was I taught the vanity of sublunary things. Then did I learn the emptiness of earthly objects. Then was impressed indelibly upon my soul, and in characters never to be effaced or obliterated or blotted out, the insubstantiality, the vanity, and the evanescence of all things worldly, unmundane, and terrestrial.'

The '*Highfalutin*' style is next in order: and the example is a sacred one. But we recently gave in these pages a similar specimen of an 'improvement'—possibly from the same work here referred to—in that most beautiful of the Psalms: 'The LORD is my Shepherd—I shall not want: HE leads me by green pastures, and by the side of still waters:' which in the new version was thus rendered: 'DEITY is my Pastor: I shall not be indigent. HE transporteth me to vernal localities, and to the near vicinity of unrippled liquidities.' As to the character of the 'Highfalutin' style, the critic explains:

'In answer we give a specimen, taken from a quarterly publication now lying before us, the LORD'S Prayer, translated from the weak and simple English of our ancestors into the strong and nervous dialect so vastly admired at the present day. A single petition will explain to the uninitiated what the Highfalutin is, and transparently eluci-

date the subject. 'Give us this day our daily bread.' How tame, simple, weak, and wishy-washy that language is. Listen now to the same sentiment highfalutinized. CONFER UPON US DURING THIS MUNDANE SPHERE'S AXILLARY REVOLUTION OUR DIURNAL SUSTENANCE! What sonorous rotundity! what sesquipedalian felicity of expression! And the meaning you perceive is precisely the same. The Greek of the original is as faithfully rendered in the one as in the other; but the beauty, the strength, the majesty, in a word the ear-tickling power of the new, as contrasted with the old version, why it is 'Hyperion to a satyr.'

MESSRS. CARLTON AND PHILLIPS, Number 200, Mulberry-street, are the publishers of '*The National*,' and if it be not asking *too* much, we should like to receive their Magazine regularly. 'We are an *older* soldier,' as BRUTUS says, in the field, 'if *not* a better.' - - - She may not be a '*Strong-Minded Woman*' who sends us, all the way from Erie, (Pennsylvania,) the ensuing essay upon '*Husbands and Wives*;' but that she is a *strong-writing* woman, we think few will doubt after reading her production. She has got something to *say*, and she *says* it. There are no parsnips buttered in this effusion: 'no, no:'

'AND one thing is very certain, I will never dye to get a husband; no, indeed! . . . No, indeed! if in the world there is a person who would not value me for what I really am; for whatever of womanly worth or refinement I may possess, but who would *take me* (to use that intolerably vulgar and demeaning phrase so common now-a-days) if I were but guilty of paltry trickery and deceit, of assuming the semblance of an outward charm, that man of all others is the one I would wish never to approach me; never, with any kind of intentions whatsoever.'

'TO DYE OR NOT TO DYE.' — KNICKERBOCKER.

'THAT's the kind! Give us your hand! Pity the world had not a few more such women in lieu of some of those paint-bedaubed, cosmetic-using, hair-dying, baby-talking pieces of humanity that monopolize a majority of the husbands now-a-days! I suppose they'll say I am an '*Old Maid*:' that having failed to secure a husband myself, I have a natural spite against those who have been more fortunate. But what do you or I care for what *they* say? It is not impossible that if we had taken as much pains, and paint, paper, (pearl-paper, I mean,) and hair-dye, we might have stood an equal chance with them of ensnaring some silly fellow with more hair than brains, more whiskers than manliness, and more finery than principle. Not that I do not admire fair complexions, glossy ringlets, and rosy cheeks. No one likes them better than I do. Indeed, I hold it impossible that any one should be uninfluenced by the charms of BEAUTY: but when the veil of deceit is employed, the apparent beauty of the face is changed to downright ugliness: for we know the tissue is but the reflection of mental deformity. I like beautiful *women*, not beautiful DOLLS. I discard and dispute the oft-repeated sentiment, that 'beautiful women are apt to be vain.' It is the *manufactured* article to which *that* applies; and the vanity is the cause, not the sequence.

'By-the-way, my dear Miss, why did you not give us your address, so that some odd day I might call around and make your acquaintance? It would be so refreshing! Now if such things were only allowable for 'Old Maids,' I'd wager the whole proceeds of this article, that you are some pretty Miss, scarcely out of your teens; among whose tresses not a gray hair has yet made its appearance. (Or peradventure you are some biped of the masculine gender, who has shown himself A — MAN, and a man of sense, too.) But all the more resuscitating it would be for that. But if there should be silver threads lying soft and smooth upon your brow, caress them gently for me, but do n't go to trying chemical experiments upon them. Meanwhile let me give you *my* opinion of those friends of yours: those wives, whom you suppose see as seeing not. You say: 'All these' you 'knew regarded their husbands as the quintessence of manly excellence.' Not so fast. Are you quite sure of this? I have studied these matters considerably in my day, and I must say have arrived at somewhat different conclusions. Enjoying as I am all the sweets of single-blessedness, and seeing and hearing so much of selfishness, discord, suffering, and sorrow as is occasionally exhibited among those who have seen fit to taste the bliss of matrimony, my curiosity naturally became excited, (a fault

which many evil-minded persons attribute entirely to maiden ladies, but which they are no more addicted to than their circumstances and the good of the community require; for the truth of which last, witness what I am about to disclose,) and I, from motives purely benevolent, of course, fell to peeping through the hedge wherever I discovered the least opening; and (let me just whisper it in your ear) I sometimes managed to effect openings where none previously existed, by watching my opportunity when the 'insiders' were not on the alert. The latter, however, I took great care to close again, that no impertinent eye might ever profit by them. And never, till the present time, have I lisped one word of all I saw there: and now, as I shall not name persons or places, no one will ever be the worse for it. My first grand discovery was, that *no wives* think their husbands perfect. This I am aware is a bold assertion; but I will prove the truth of it. It will be necessary to form them into three distinct classes.

'The first which we shall notice, seem to think almost every one *more* perfect than their husbands. These are the whining fault-finders. This is sufficient to say of them. The second class require a little more study, and embrace a much larger portion of the community. These are principally from the artificial class referred to in the commencement of this article. Themselves deceiving, they have been deceived, and instead of the polished gentleman they thought to marry, they find they have—a brute. When the prize is fairly secured, and they are safe from the awful fate of living single all their days they take time to look at the article; and behold! that beautiful hair they have married, covers an empty cranium; those splendid whiskers, a face more accustomed to frowns than smiles; the few he has of these last, like his good-temper and politeness, being reserved for 'extra occasions and company.' But it is a mutual disappointment, so what can be done? Why, make the best of it, *of course!*

'These are the very wives that are continually trying to convince us that their husbands are the most perfect beings in the universe; and all to hide the faults that glare upon them at every step. Like the chick of the partridge, that thrusts its head under a leaf, and fancies itself hid, they seem to think an effort to blind themselves will be as efficacious in producing the same effect upon others. And it will; for in neither case will it succeed. Reason will assume her prerogative, and we must assent to her conclusions, be it ever so unwillingly.

'A case of this kind occurs to me just now. The 'gent' supposed he was marrying a fortune, an accomplished lady, and an excellent house-keeper; but she proved to be especially deficient in these very particulars; while she, enraptured by his fine teeth, glossy black hair, and killing whiskers, forgot to notice whether the creature had a *soul* or not. The upshot of it is, that he is a selfish, discontented, snarling, whimsical husband; and she a slave to his every caprice. But does she complain? Not by any means! So far from it, she is constantly telling what a pattern husband she has, and intimating in every sly manner possible, how Mr. A. and Mr. B. (persons of known talent and ability) defer to his superior judgment. His fine jetty locks are now two-thirds gray, though he is scarcely thirty. Calling there a few days ago, I remarked the fact: 'Oh! I think they are so beautiful,' said she; 'I think they are splendid! there is nothing so delightful to look at as gray hair.' 'What,' persisted I, 'on so young a person?' 'Oh! yes,' said she, 'on any one. I wish I was so gray!' Now this same Mrs. P., not ten minutes before, remarked concerning a mutual acquaintance who had just left the room, and whose hair was dyed: 'How much she had improved her looks by dyeing; gray hairs were so ugly, and made one look so old.' Now I have not the slightest doubt that she is continually worrying and teasing Mr. P. to dye! And she is just as inconsistent in regard to mental defects. Any stupid, vulgar practice of his, that she is absolutely ashamed of, and she cannot persuade him to forego, she will tell you she 'would not have him forsake for the world; in fact, he retains it entirely to please her;' though she lectures him till mid-night about it behind the curtain.

'Now what do you suppose is the reason of all this double-dealing? Why, simply this: she has taken a great deal of pains to secure a bad bargain, and do you think she would tell you or me of it? But never mind, we have her secret. Her very efforts to

conceal, render it more apparent. I give it as a rule, and you may depend upon it, as the result of years of hedge-peeping, that wherever you find a wife (and the same may be said of husbands) always lauding the good qualities of her mate, whether intellectual, moral, social, or physical, you may be sure that *he* hears only the other side of the story. But now for the third and last class. These are very seldom heard to express their opinions of their husbands, and then only when called for. But watch them closely, at home and abroad, and you will find that they come the nearest thinking them perfect. Still they do not consider them quite infallible. They are sensible enough to know that the state of mortality is an erring state. They see many faults in them, but seeing so much more that is good, the evil is naturally outweighed. Loving each other as all persons entering into that relation should love, the best sides of their characters are naturally presented to each other; and this is no deceit, but a necessity arising from the conditions just stated. Thus there seems to be a double reflex influence, keeping the good foremost, and the bad in the back-ground. Truth needs no protestations; and the wives of this class, conscious of their husbands' merits, and not unconscious of whatever of demerit may attach itself to them, feel that encomiums from them would be as superfluous as braggardism from a brave man, and might serve, as in that case, to depreciate rather than enhance the good opinion they were designed to secure. 'But,' you ask, 'how do we know they see these faults?' I answer; does it look reasonable that they should not? Do we see less evil in our brothers, sisters, and parents than in others, that we defend their good name more readily? Or is this promptitude the result of the good we know them to possess, in connection with our selfishness? And is it not as essential to the reputation of the wife that she have a good husband, as to ours that we have good parents and other relatives? We do not like to have the misdoings of any of our friends commented upon, yet we do not claim that they have attained perfection: neither does a sensible woman claim that for any one, not excepting him she hath chosen for a life-long companionship.'

That's right!—out with it! Is n't it the erudite DOGBERRY who says that 'reading and writing come by nature?' Perhaps they do; but such *spelling* as the following can hardly be included. We take only a 'sample' from half-a-dozen letters in this style of spelling and chirography. The writer, it seems, supplies his customers with a superior article of moulding-sand, and we quote from his letters to a large firm of iron-founders, not a thousand miles and a half from Gotham:

—, November 24.

'SHIPT on Bord of Sloop Martha D Reid Captin Jonathan Petterson aboute 75 Tons Saposd to Be Pleas Wey this Cargo and Let me know what it weys So that I Can Tell for futer how to Estamate his Tons for futer as This Captin Nos the way to Bridgeport and as a Good New Vesel and that is verey important for Sand the Oner of the Vesel was determined that Shee Shud Not Load at this time of the yer for Les than one Dollar per Ton But I promis Ed them I wod pay them 90 Cents for all sand that I Shipt to Bridgeport Nex season So that finely got 75 Tons for 70 Dollars I wod Not of aloud him that But I Cud Not get ane Bodey Els with oute paing one Dollar & Paing Piloting your Captins that Coms for sand to me is Geting one Dollar 12½ Cents per Ton to Bridgeport and Thay Ring hit all amongst houre Captins I was afraid of the wether ferful I shud Disapoint you and That wad of Ben Bad worck But you have Got a Verey Nis Cargo on Bord I hav put aboute one Car Load of finer Sand in the for ward atch to Mold Som of your Litr Worck I have Rit in the Bill of Laiding to the Agant in Bridgeport to Let you know wat Car the fine sand is in and the Captin promised me he wad see to hit stricteley

'Sunday morning 10 Oclock 25 the Vessel left on her Jurney if shee as Good Luck Shee will be in your Port Bi the Time that this Leter reches you 128 Loads at 50 Cents Shee as on Bord one Hundred & 28 Loads of Molding Sand at 50 Cents per Load Good Mesuer you will find this to be as good as the Best Cargo you ever had I have said Enuf at present Aboute Everething that is Nesarey With the Truth My Respects to you all
SAMUEL WHITEHEAD.

'N B Giv My Respects to the forman of the foundrey and All is subjects and Tel

them that I feel graiftul to all Them for speeking so well of My Sand that was Thout so Litel of Las December I Shud Be Glad to See you all I ham well at Presant oping this will find all you the same

‘from your Old frend

‘I hop you will have Pusons to Red My Letter it is the Best I Can Rite and Spell I saposethat ther is Not one word Spelt Right But it is More Like What I intend it to be Nor ane Thing Els and so finish
s. w.’

‘ — — —, November 12.

‘Mr — — — & Co I have Reseved Both of your Leters I Shud have sen the Cargo of Molding sand Before Now But Whe have had so Much Rain and have Ben wating for hit to Get in Beter order Before I Loade hit But I Must Send the Cargo soon for the seson is far spent it is Raining Now and as Ben for 2 Days But I will Pick atime to Dou the Best I can I feel oblight to you for the favor you have Dun for me you Recommended My Sand to a foundrey in Parchmoth and have sent them a Larg Cargo of Bouth Cinds of Molding Sand the Car well sand was in bad orther for it Rand for a ole week I wated for hit to Dry 3 Day

Yours respectfully

It must be a ‘Hinglishman’ who thus ‘exhasperates the haitch,’ and speaks of a foreman of an iron-foundry as reigning over ‘subjectks.’ There’s a touch of ‘limited monarchy’ about *that!* - - - Come in, and welcome, ye ‘wee ones!’ You have been often inquired after, and waited for. Take your seats at ‘*The Little People’s Side-Table:*’ and don’t be at all afraid: you have none but friends here:

‘THAT was a profound insight into the ‘nature of things,’ which was exhibited by our little six-year-old boy, whom I had sent to bring me a couple of apples from the basket in the cellar. He presently returned, and handed me *one* only.

‘Where is the *other* one, TOMMY?’ I asked.

‘Why,’ said the little wag, pointing to the one I held in my hand, ‘*that’s* the *other* one!’

‘It would require a ‘Philadelphia lawyer’ to improve the legal ‘drift’ of this rejoinder.’

‘For a cracked lip, or an obstinate sore on the face, there’s nothing like powdered burnt alum. It cured our little PAUL of an angry sore down in the corner, where the cherry of his lips was cleft, though we had to sprinkle it on the squirming little victim after he was sound asleep in his ‘crib-house.’ I wish you could see him! READER! have you got an interest in a little bouncing boy about two-and-a-half years old, two-and-a-half feet high, and nearly two-and-a-half feet thick? Whose ‘cheeks like lilies dipped in wine’ seem to be bursting with fatness; whose hazel eyes, with their long lashes, are always flashing with mirth and spirit under a forehead which has no shadow on its broad, unsullied page, but those which are cast there by his golden curls? If you *have* such an interest in such a boy, hold on to it, it’s *good stock*; it won’t fluctuate; it won’t deteriorate with rumors of war or the price of cotton: if you have n’t, *invest* as soon as possible! But about the burnt alum; it’s good for other things beside cracked lips: so little PAUL thought—at least, so he *said*. It was thus:

‘RIP,’ (we call him so ‘for short,’ although that is a good and expressive daguerreo-type of his disposition,) RIP and his mamma had a passage-at-arms, which I witnessed, over the edge of my last ‘KNICK,’ the result of which was, that Master RIP had a ‘spanking,’ duly, judiciously, and *softly* administered. Then it occurred to me that the occasion was a proper one for improving that ‘afflictive dispensation’ to the future weal of the young apostle; and so I said:

‘PAUL, come here.’

‘Es, Papa.’

‘You are a naughty boy, Sir, to disobey your Mamma, as you did just now.’

'Not do it any more, my dee Papa. *Sure* I not do it.'

'Well, *be* sure you do n't, for you will break your Mamma's heart. Just look at her *now*: see how sad she is because you were naughty. I suppose her heart is broken in two or three places.'

'Put burnt alum on poor Mamma's heart Papa: it make it well. I *sure* it will.'

'If this recipe is worth knowing, you may make it public. I do n't believe in keeping efficacious remedies secret.'

'HAVE you got the *Catechism*, JENNY?' said a female visitor to a little yellow-haired girl. 'Mamma,' exclaimed little WILLIE, 'did I ever have the *Catechism*?' He thought it was a new complaint; but it is an old one, especially with children.'

'A LITTLE girl, (some four years old,) in one of our Southern cities, taking tea on the piazza at home, on a beautiful star-lit evening, and contemplating, at one and the same time, the glory of the stars *and the contents of the supper-table*, asked, with childish simplicity:

'Papa, are those stars God's candles to eat His supper by?'

'It always seems to me that the month commences wrong — that something is missing — if the KNICKERBOCKER does not come to hand as usual at the 1st. In the 'TABLE,' I have found some 'cute' sayings of the 'Little Folks;' but I do not now recollect any thing more original than the manner in which my little five-year-old HATTIE thinks 'God makes folks.' She, with her little brother GEORGE, had received, among other things, as Christmas and New-Year's presents, some little books, teaching of the Creation, ADAM and EVE, etc., which naturally caused some inquiries to arise in HATTIE's little mind, as she has just entered the 'curious age.' One evening after tea, as I was sitting by the grate, with her on one knee and GEORGE on the other, she said:

'Pa, how does God make folks?'

'From the dust of the earth,' I replied.

'Well,' she replied, 'HE sews them inside out, and then turns 'em; do n't HE?'

'No,' I told her; but it required considerable arguing to convince her that 'folks' were not made in the same manner that she had seen her Aunt make a doll; that is, sewing them inside out, and then turning them, and filling them with 'the dust of the earth.'

'REV. MR. M —, an eminent Methodist divine, residing in the central part of Ohio, has a married daughter living in the town of M —, in the northern part of the State. She lately came home on a visit, bringing her two children, a boy and a girl, along with her. A quarterly meeting had just commenced at the time in the father's church; and, as is usual on such occasions, on Sunday morning they held a meeting, known in common parlance as a love-feast. The children were not usually much at church, when at home, being usually considered rather 'bothersome' on such occasions; but an aunt of theirs, who was at home, said they might go; and accordingly they were taken. The youngest was a girl of some two years and a half; 'smart' withal, and took quite an interest in the exercises. After 'love-feast' there is usually an interval before preaching, and at this time there was nothing 'going on,' save the coming in of the congregation. The little girl, thinking this was not right, whispered:

'Mother, let 's sing.'

'The mother quieted her for a few moments; but the idea was 'on her mind and would out.' At last she 'burst forth' in her infantile style, and sung, in a clear voice, a verse of one of her favorite nursery-hymns, commencing:

'Come to the happy land!
Come, come away!' etc.

'The wondering eyes, and the effect altogether, can readily be imagined.'

'My little niece KATIE, a three-year-old, is so very funny sometimes, that I have thought her entitled to a nook in your 'Children's Corner.' Her grandmother asked her, the other day, among other questions from the *Catechism*, Who gave her her daily bread? She immediately replied: '*Dod, gram-ma, but Uncle Peter puts the butter on it.*'

'Like other specimens of 'Young America,' she is sometimes rather troublesome to those attending to necessary household duties, and is probably quite frequently admonished of it. Uncle PETER going home the other evening, asked her what she had been doing all day. 'Oh!' said she quite carelessly, 'I have only been round in the way!'

'I HAVE a little 'coon' of a boy who rejoices in the supererogatory cognomen of 'Corporal BUNTING.' I am perfectly aware that he is not nearly so bright a specimen as I *think* he is, albeit he fills a large space in the regions of my best affections. He was three years old the other day, on which occasion I made him a present of a new cap.

'Next morning he met me at the door, his cap performing the double office of covering his little pate and filling it at the same time.

'Well, Corporal,' said I, 'how does the 'Forty-second flourish?' Supposing, of course, the reference was to the cap, he replied in a very deprecating tone: 'Why, pa, it an't a *forty-second flourish*: it's a new cap!'

'One day last summer in going to my work, I met a little fellow some distance from any house, whose general aspect attracted my attention toward him, as a particularly distinct 'sample' of 'Young America.' He was about the size and build of a plug of 'dog-leg' tobacco: his head suggested the memory of an October tussock; while his face (O KNICKERBOCKER!) was some sort of a landscape, done up in free-soil and apple-butter:

'Who are you?' said I, rather sternly.

'Me!' said the little fillibuster, trying to look brave: '*I'm One of 'Em! — do n't you know me?*'

'A GENTLEMAN setting out one morning before day-break upon a long ride, with a youngster of six years, when the stars began to grow dim and disappear before the rising sun, called his attention to them and endeavored to explain 'how it was:' that 'the stars were in the sky just the same, only he could n't see them.' The little fellow listened in amazement, and at length exclaimed:

'Well there! — I did n't know *that* before! I thought they *went in* in the day-time!'

'My little 'shaver,' of the '*Prayer for the Peaches*,' has two favorite airs, upon which he tries the full strength of his lungs. One is a hymn running thus:

'THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day.'

The other is the late favorite negro-song, '*Sawnee River*;' and as they are both at his tongue's end, imperceptibly to himself they glide one into the other. At the top of his voice, he commences:

'WAY down 'pon the Sawnee River,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.'

Of course the words are lengthened out to the metre, as FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER says of the Methodists' 'JA-A-A-A-(fol-de-riddle)-COB.'

'But it would do your heart good to hear with what gusto he sings it, and the earnestness shown in his countenance as he works his way through it.

'Last summer he came near being drowned by dropping between a boat and some boards nailed against some spiles, in the water, and as he came up he clutched the boards, and there sustained himself until the boat was washed toward him, which he climbed into, and then cried for some one to come and raise him out of the boat, to the top of the stone pier, which was too high for him. A little boy came to his relief, and brought him home. I took the opportunity of trying to impress upon him the goodness of his Heavenly FATHER in preserving him from a watery grave, by telling him that it 'was his Heavenly FATHER who made the boat come up to him.'

'No, he did n't,' he replied: 'the *waves* washed it up to me.'

'Yes,' I said, 'it *was* God who *made* the waves wash it toward you; and it was the good God who sent my little boy where He could hear him cry.'

'No! He did n't,' he said again: 'The boy was there all the time.'

'In the case of the peaches, which I have before mentioned, he saw a visible hand, as it were; but in this last, merely the result of accident, and so I failed in convincing him of an overruling PROVIDENCE. Still, I could not but be amused with the naturalness of his replies.'

'I DID not observe, in my late repast at your bountiful 'EDITOR'S TABLE' any stories about the '*Little Folks*.' It cannot be because there are no 'little folk' to talk about, I have reason to know by the *signs* on every side-walk where marbles can roll or hoops turn. You will see that it is not because there are no stories to tell, as I proceed.

'Not many doors from my own, live and play and romp a robust boy and a sweet, nervous little girl. Last summer they were at play, when the patter of rain-drops drove them to the front-porch, where they stood watching the approach of the rain and the tornado. Suddenly came a glaring flash, and almost at the same instant a terrific crash of thunder, which lighted up the dark heavens like a blazing furnace, and shook the ground like an earthquake. ELLA clasped her ears in her hands, and ran screaming and frightened into the house, imploring Tom to follow. But Tom stood his ground until he was satisfied with his investigation of electric phenomena: and going into the house, with a miniature NAPOLEON air said to his sister: 'Afore I would be afraid, ELLA! 'T would n't scare me, if I was up where they are a-shootin' of 'em!'

'Wo n't that little boy do to go into our noble navy some day?'

'Nor long since a machine-shop in the Second Ward was struck by lightning. The fluid forced itself through the whole shop, and surcharged all the iron and tools with electricity. In fifteen minutes there were an hundred boys present, every one with his knife to be 'magnetized.' One little fellow, while rubbing his knife earnestly upon a half-melted saw, said to another who was scrubbing away upon a file: 'Joe, this is none o' your boughten 'lectricity, but the *real genuine lightning*, right from where they make it!'

'YOUR stories of the 'little folks' have given us all so much pleasure, that we cannot resist the temptation of telling you some of their wonderful sayings and doings in our part of the world. You will have to consider us perfectly disinterested, when we inform you that *our own* little people are grown so large, that they do n't say any thing remarkable any more; so we have time to be amused by other folks' bairns.

'Our minister and his affairs come, of course, next to our own, and we treasure up little WILLIE's sayings. Dear little fellow! he is a great pet with us all, being the *only* one. As you have no doubt learned by this time that the last winter was very cold, it needs not to say that WILLIE thought so too. Rubbing his hands before the fire one evening, while his mother was preparing him for bed, he inquired very gravely:

'Mother, do you think God 'gets out' much, this cold weather?'

'Looking at the sky very earnestly a few days ago, he remarked to his father that he 'supposed Heaven was the *top of all out doors*.'

'Not long since a visitor by the name of WYCKOFF was expected. WILLIE 'wished that he would not come, for it made him *cough* to speak to him.'

'"Cough?" Why, WILLIE, what do you mean?'

'Why, so it *does*, every time I say it: it's Wy — *cough*: that makes me cough.'

'WILLIE,' said I one day when he was visiting us, 'who was the first man?'

'ADAM,' he promptly answered.

'And who was the *best* man?'

'I — WILLIE — *myself*! I'm the best man.'

'LITTLE SOPHIE had once upon a time contracted an undue fondness for salt. Being reproved for helping herself too largely, and told that it would make her sick, she inquired 'if it was because it was made of Lor's wife.'

'It rained one day in torrents sufficient to wash away Lor's wife, or freshen the Dead Sea, and the same little maiden inquired whether 'God was not pouring out of a *very* large pitcher now.'

There, LITTLE PEOPLE, you may go now. We shall want to see you again one of these days. When we can set a small side-table for you next time, we won't fail to let you know. Good-bye! God bless you, dears! May you remain a blessing and a delight to all who love you best! But if in the mean time the great REAPER's sickle shall transplant any of the fair young flowers that have bloomed in our little inclosure, they will only have been removed to that Garden of Paradise,

'WHERE with day-beams round them playing,
They their SAVIOUR's face shall see,
And shall hear Him gently saying,
Little children, come to Me!'

And this we say, because some 'small voices' that have been heard — little stammering tongues, mis-speaking half-uttered words in these pages — are now silent for ever in the grave! Yet, '*Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens:*' 'Whom the gods love, die young.' - - - We welcome, with very great pleasure, to our pages, our umqwhile correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' whose somewhat prolonged s lence seems only to have enhanced her condensation of thought and felicity of style:

'Scattered Leaves from the Lake-Shore.

'THERE is no remark more forcibly true, than that we are *all more or less insane!* The little insanities of the common head, which seem to keep their proprietors in such motion as their CREATOR designed, are merely amusing. One has an insanity of horses, another of dress, a third of flutes and fiddles, and a fourth of useless knowledge and elaborate information; and I once knew a man who had his insanity of *bugs*, who have long since taken their revenge, by-the-way, and made a meal of him, insanity and all! *Intellect* is the insanity of another: of all the lunacies the fiercest, the most wasting. How the poor brain of man, feeble enough in its best estate, becomes his god! How he worships the great minds of humanity, and clasps to his heart their glorious offspring, revelling and shouting in their embrace! How are the flowers and the fields and the shady retreats of common life neglected and spurned in the wild pursuit of phantom-light that seems to illumine the world! But he sees, at last, that the light *is* a phantom, after all; and with wearied faculties and sensibilities morbidly passionate and acute, with an exterior grown cold and polished and forbidding, he finds too late that the friends he repulsed in his delirium are gone, the flowers faded, and the genial springs dried up. The future is a waste, the past is his no more: like the fire-worshipper of old, he is destroyed by the object of his adoration! The insanity of another is of *the heart*. The darling lunacy of the high-born soul in woman is to find a home in another heart, where there shall be rest and content for ever; where all those exquisite and passionate aspirations with which the overburdened heart is faint, shall be realized and satisfied, not once but for all time: where the rich heart-music shall find its missing chords; where Truth shall be eternal, and passion always young. Oh! this, this is the 'pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night' which with passionate eagerness and superb will, she follows anywhere, everywhere. *Reason* may be

taught the delusion, but she cannot give it up, she *will not* not learn the sad lesson of the past, so often read, so seldom understood, that 'all the world's a stage, and all its men and women merely players:' she hopes that her case may prove an exception, and blindly risks her all on that one hope! Some are insane for wealth, and some about patent medicines; but few of us are conscious of the real subject of our insanity, so I shall not expose myself by confessing what I believe to be mine, but leave it to the readers of the following pages to discover it for themselves.

'The month of June, 1855, found me at Lake-GEORGE, one of the most beautiful spots on God's beautiful earth, and never seen to greater advantage than in that delicious month. Beautiful lake! Thy name is a talisman to call up happy reveries: indeed, the hours I spent among thy quiet shades seem to me now more like a dream than a reality. I was a child again, and life looked bright to me. I forgot that there was suffering and disappointments and aching hearts in the world, and that sleepless nights and hours of agony took the light from bright eyes and the roses from the cheek, and drove smiles from the lips. I forgot all this, and gave myself up to the happy influences around me, and my heart beat with a new life, and acknowledged God's goodness in placing us in a world so beautiful, and giving us the capacity for so much enjoyment. We seemed to revel in the sunshine, we played in the hay-fields, and wandered through the woods, climbing fences and leaping brooks; and the wreath of glowing memories woven in those bright hours will serve to gladden many a future day, which would else be dark and lonely. When, weary and way-worn, the tired heart, faint with life's struggles, longs for rest, memory will carry us back to those bright hours, and with a sigh we shall murmur: 'Yes, we were happy then.'

'There is nothing so well calculated to impress the heart and make us 'look through nature up to nature's God,' as a wood-land walk in the spring-time. We seem to realize His mighty power through the miracles which are taking place around us; to see the mighty oaks and stately pines waking from the death-like sleep of winter, and clothing themselves in their fresh luxuriousness, and to mark the delicate forest-flowers springing from the moss and dead leaves at their roots, and filling the air with their delicious fragrance; and the little brooks that dance along so merrily, with a joyous, exultant sound, as though they rejoiced in the return of spring, and welcomed the glad sunshine again. But the woods around Lake-GEORGE possessed an additional charm from their historical, and I might almost say classical associations. It was easy to fancy the time when the forests through which we wandered were the scene of strife and bloodshed; when the war-whoop of the savage rang through the valleys and echoed among the hills, and their deadly tomahawks gleamed amid the dark shadows of the stately pine-trees, and their unerring arrows flew among the thick branches! But when gazing on that peaceful lake such thoughts were quickly banished, and more peaceful scenes arose to the mind's eye. In one direction the light canoe of the Indian lover is darting swiftly across its clear surface to bear him to a twilight meeting with some dark-eyed maiden of his tribe. In another an aged chief is slowly paddling homeward his frail vessel heavily laden with the beautiful speckled trout, which he has taken from the cold, deep waters of the lake some miles away. The smoke of the camp-fires is rising at intervals along the shore, and the squaws are busy preparing the maize and venison for the evening meal. Children are playing upon the sands, and the sweet voices of the maidens are borne to us on the breeze. Such were the scenes which my fancy best loved to picture when gazing on thee, beautiful Horicon!

'But let me turn from those imaginary scenes to the happy reality on which I so

love to dwell. Those horse-back rides in the beautiful spring-time! With what light hearts we mounted and galloped away over hill and valley, and the soft south wind came to us, bearing the delicious perfumes of the apple-blossoms, and bringing health and happiness with every breath. Then those glorious moon-light nights when we used to glide in silent happiness, each wrapped in our own reveries, and dreaming our own dreams, and building castles in the air, which had nothing but love and moon-light for their foundation! Sometimes we were gay, and said saucy things to Mistress Echo and each other; listened to the chorus of frogs, which we fancied a serenade for our especial benefit, and tried to imitate the deep base notes of the leader. Never was a party better suited to each other than we were; we always seemed to be moved by the same impulses, and inclined for the same amusements. Sometimes we walked by moon-light, and one evening we visited a fall, about a mile from the Lake-House. It was a delicious night, and the air was heavy with the perfume of the locust-blossoms which hung in rich clusters over our pathway; we laughed and chatted merrily by the way, till we came in sight of the falls, when there was a universal exclamation of delight and astonishment. The sky was without a cloud: the moon directly over-head, and its clear, pale light shining on the water made it look like liquid silver, as it dashed impetuously over the black rocks and sought the deep gorge beneath, and went struggling on through its stony channel till its restless waters were merged in the deep bosom of the lake. Long we sat beneath those venerable pine-trees, and our hearts were filled with love and thankfulness, and we spake one to the other in gentle whispers, as though we feared the sound of our voices might break the spell of enchantment and beauty which seemed to hang around the spot.

'In the fresh bright morning we would wander off with books, and sought the cool shades near some of the beautiful little streams with which the neighborhood abounds; but the books we brought were sadly neglected, and it never occurred to us to search for any 'in the running brooks,' nor to look for 'tongues in the trees,' being abundantly supplied already; but we did find 'good in every thing.' The days were not half long enough for our projects of pleasure, and we were never tired with being happy. But a dark cloud came to mar this happiness: *we must part!*

'Are not those words the saddest in our language? Have they not rung the death-knell to the hopes of many? To part from one we love though but for a day, will throw a shadow on the heart; but who shall paint the anguish when the parting is for years; when we feel that the best proof we can give of our affection is to bear the parting bravely, and seem to break lightly the ties it tears our hearts to sever; when no tear must stain the eye-lid, and no sigh give the struggling soul relief; when we must cheer him by a show of courage we little feel, and speak hopefully of the future when our hearts seem like to break! But our parting at Lake-GEORGE was not so serious or so sad a one, for we looked forward to a speedy reünion; yet it cast a gloom upon the spirits of us all. On the morning of our departure, Nature seemed to put on her sweetest smiles to bid us farewell; but the sun-shine failed to cheer us, and the songs of the little birds but made our hearts the sadder. The dear old Lake-House looked so old-fashioned and comfortable, and I kept my eyes fixed upon it as long as it was in sight, and I wondered if I should ever see it again, and if so, under what circumstances. The lake appeared more lovely than ever: but perhaps it was the tears which glistened in my own eye that made it look so dazzling. The little steamer dashed swiftly along, and as we passed 'Diamond Island,' we looked at each other and thought

of the happy day we had spent there; but none of us spoke of it, but each one tried to appear cheerful and pretended to enjoy the sail; but our exclamations of delight were quite forced, and we gazed absently at our own reflections in the water; and as if to add to our depression, there were a party of country-people who persisted in singing, 'Happy are we, darkies so gay!' We did n't know about the darkies, but we knew some white folks that were sad enough. The little steamer reached her dock; we mounted to the top of a stage-coach, took one last look at dear Lake-GEORGE, and were whirled away as fast as four horses could carry us to Old Fort Ti.

J. K. L.

WE consider the following a *Model Certificate of Moral Character*. It is, we are assured, the *exact* examination of a law-student applying for admission to practise as attorney and counsellor in the courts of this State, which recently took place :

'EXAMINER: 'When was the code of procedure adopted?'

'STUDENT: 'In 1848.'

'EXAMINER: 'What object was it designed to effect?'

'STUDENT: 'It was intended to simplify and abridge the practice, pleadings, and proceedings in the courts of this State.'

'EXAMINER: 'Has it effected that object?'

'STUDENT: 'No, Sir - r - r! I do n't think it has!'

'EXAMINER: 'Have you a certificate of good moral character?'

'STUDENT: 'Yes, Sir; I have a *tailor's bill, which is receipted*, in my pocket.'

'EXAMINER: 'You'll pass!'

'*Apropos* to the Little Ones' department of your very *companionable* Magazine, may I send you the following definition by a very little niece of mine, which strikes me as being at least as accurate as that by the excellent Doctor JOHNSON, describing a mouse as 'a small active animal with a tail'? Aunt E —, being in Michigan last summer, expressed to Miss JENNIE's papa a desire to see a 'blue racer' or a 'blow snake,' or a Massasauga, or some other specimen of that interesting class for which Michigan was *once* (not now, *they* say) quite famous. Miss JENNIE, supposing that Auntie had no idea of the nature and properties of any snake whatever, and having a talent for giving information, uplifted her small voice with: 'Why! Do n't you know what a snake is, Auntie? *It's a thing that's tail all the way up to its head.*'

DOES N'T that 'read snaky?' - - - THE familiar names of the noble dogs mentioned in the subjoined communication, from a Kentucky correspondent, will recall to the reader's recollection the stirring sketch of '*A Panther-Hunt*,' from the same writer, published some months since in these pages, and which travelled the rounds of the press throughout the Union. '*The Death of the Big Buck*,' we take it upon ourselves to predict, will experience a similar fate:

'TO-DAY we chased the 'BIG BUCK' whose death was so unfortunately delayed by my Panther-Hunt and the loss of MEDORA. Long before the sun had gilded the top-most branches of the lofty cotton-woods, my horn had waked the stillness of the sleeping morn with the echoes of 'In the wild chamois track at the breaking of morn;' and the music which rose from the canine choir was such as the ears of the city-bred exquisite never listened to; and to *me*, the most thrilling harmony that ever steeled the nerves or waked the enthusiasm of a hunter's pride. My wounds were entirely healed; and once more in the saddle with 'ALP' bounding beneath me, as if he snuffed

the coming chase, I felt as if his steed and rifle were the only loves a true-hearted hunter could cherish; and with a joyous 'Halloo!' I joined the party who awaited me.

'We numbered some ten or twelve, each well versed in the woodsman's craft, except a cousin from the North, whose lack of skill with the rifle had furnished me much amusement during my temporary confinement. He had sworn, however, that the 'BIG BUCK' should not fall by *my* rifle; and with many a bantering jest at his expense, we entered the woods, 'striking' for the bank of a distant lake. I have always detested the tardy and uncertain mode of shooting on the stand; and knowing 'ALP's endurance and speed, I assumed the arduous office of 'driver' for the day. Giving the party ample time to reach their stands, I slowly entered the wood where the stag was usually to be found, 'and deep his mid-night lair had made' amid the dew-covered leaves of a dense thicket.

'For the first time I took out 'LINA,' whom (possessing, as she does, great beauty and faultless proportions) I found as true and fearless as her lovely namesake. Still I missed 'BEAUTY;' and 'CROAT' and 'WARRIOR' seemed as if *they*, too, felt her loss. The 'rosy-fingered daughter of the day' just crimsoning the distant East, reminded me forcibly of the lines in 'LARA:'

'NIGHT wanes: the vapors round the mountains curled,
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.'

'But I had no time for reverie. 'CROAT' raised his ears and gave vent to his low, peculiar whine, preparatory to opening on the trail. Till then I had kept all the dogs close in; but with a subdued 'Hark away!' I sent them cautiously into the thicket. 'LINA,' however, was young and rash, and in a few moments I heard her give tongue not twenty paces in my front, and 'with one brave bound' the 'BIG BUCK' dashed across the path, with the whole pack yelling in view. Involuntarily I threw my rifle to my shoulder; but before I cast a glance along the glittering barrel, I remembered that one shot might spoil the chase; for at that distance, the crack of my rifle was certain death.

'Slinging the weapon to its place, I followed in pursuit: 'torrents less rapid and less rash.' Those who are calmly seated in their rooms, may wonder at the fool-hardiness of dashing at full speed through a tangled wilderness, at the tail of a pack of hounds; but to one who has felt the thrilling madness of the chase, it is a matter of no surprise for the hunter to 'tempt death in a thousand forms.' The wild music of the hounds, frequently accompanied by the cheering of my voice and horn, recalled SCOTT's description of the chase, when,

'WITH hark and horn and loud halloo,
No rest Benvotrich's echoes knew.'

With every nerve strained, on we flew rather than ran, for more than half-an-hour. The 'BUCK' had headed for the lake, which, if *once* reached, would afford him refuge at *another* time. It was his invariable custom to plunge from the bluff into the water, and swimming with only his nose above the surface, seek an island nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore, where he had hitherto been perfectly secure; as, beside the island being a resort for the most dangerous animals of the swamps, we had no boat nearer than the river, a distance of some ten miles or more.

'As we neared the lake, the 'BUCK' now nearly a half-mile in advance of me, I heard the report of my father's rifle, but waited in vain for the joyous 'tra-la-la—la-la-a-a' to echo through the woods, the death-knell of many a gallant but ill-fated stag. Reining my horse, I waited for the next shot to tell the course the stag had taken. In a moment more it came: the contrast between the echoing sound of the heavy German bore and the sharp crack of the backwoods' rifle, told me that the 'BUCK' had passed the two best shots of the party, and from hearing no death-note, that he passed at lightning speed, heading for the lake at the point where my cousin was on the stand. In a moment my purpose was formed—striking into a bridle-path which emerged at the same point as the course the deer pursued, I called upon 'ALP' for a burst of speed and

endurance, which, as I had never before called on him in vain, I felt would give me one more chance to win the honors of the day. Gallantly did the noble horse respond, and fleet as if just from his stall, he bore me onward at a fearful pace.

'The lake was in sight, and still no sound from my cousin's rifle. At last it came, not two hundred yards in my front, but not till I heard the 'Buck' crashing through the underwood, with the two old dogs and 'LINA' at his heels. With a feeling of joy I marked the shot as ineffectual, and with a shout of triumph secure in my aim, I threw my weapon to my shoulder. We were both at full speed approaching at right angles, when, just as the deer leaped into the open space surrounding the lake, I cast a hasty glance along the barrel, and touched the trigger. The report rang through the woods but the splash in the water told me the 'Buck' was untouched. My cousin tauntingly cried out: 'Who missed that fire, eh?' and burst into a mocking laugh. He had drawn my balls while I was saddling 'ALP.' Comprehending at once the position of matters, I threw my rifle on the turf, and wheeled 'ALP' for the bluff.

'Without one swerve he plunged into the lake. I heard the voices of my father and the others calling me back — telling me it was madness to follow the deer to the island — but that laugh was ringing through my brain, and I thought, too, shall LINA be told that I shrank from the chase the moment it became perilous; and had certain death stared me in the face, still I had kept on. The two old dogs, 'CROAT' and 'WARRIOR,' and 'LINA' had followed me, the others having obeyed the call from shore. As 'ALP' breasted the waves, I thought of my condition. My revolvers at the holsters had become wetted at the first plunge, and with considerable anxiety I felt for a single-barrelled 'DERRINGER,' which I carried in my bosom — a weapon, by the way, which has turned 'right side up with care' in more than one emergency. It was dry, and with this as my only arm, except my knife, I pushed for the island. It seemed an age till we neared its shore, but at last 'ALP' sprang upon the sands and dashed the glittering drops from his panting sides. Urging the now exhausted dogs with horn and voice, I followed the stag, who had reached the island but a few moments before me, with my only pistol grasped in my right hand and my Bowie-knife clutched between my teeth. In a few moments I heard the dogs at bay, and the shrill, angry whistle as the 'Buck' charged on them. A few leaps brought us to the shore, where he still baffled the attacks of the hounds. When he saw me, he dashed at full speed upon us, with his head lowered and his sharp antlers bristling on his frontlet. 'ALP' reared and swerved from the shock, and the report of my 'DERRINGER' echoed as the death-knell of the gallant 'Buck.' The ball had entered his right eye, my invariable shot, and with one bound he fell dead upon the sands.

'Throwing myself from the saddle, I loosed 'ALP's girths, washed out his mouth, and lay down to rest my own wearied limbs where none but the hardest hunter had ever trod. All around me I heard the hissings of the water-moccasin and rattle-snake, while in the wood the plaintive cry of the panther and the sharp bark of the wolf rendered it almost impossible for me to restrain my exhausted dogs from rushing to certain death. At length, when the energies of the animals were recuperated, with the assistance of a young sapling I placed the 'Buck' upon the croup of my saddle, and winding my horn to cheer the anxious party on the shore, struck out for the nearest land. . . . We reached it, and the flesh of the 'Big Buck' hangs from our cabin rafters, and his hide and antlers wait the next boat to be sent to Kentucky. But here comes my boy with his nightly report of horses and hounds. 'Well, JOHN, how's 'ALP' to-night?' 'An't nothing 't all the matter with him, Mass FRANK — he's jis as slick as a mole-skin, and jus the best piece of horse-flesh in dis State. All dem dogs took der mush 'cept dat black pup of old Mass.' By the way, as apology for JOHN's eulogy upon 'ALP,' he has great State pride, and believes nothing equal to the Kentucky born. Well, I'll take JOHN's word this time without a personal inspection, and after an exciting day will woo the soft embrace of the drowsy god, exclaiming with the doughty squire of Don QUIXOTE, 'Blessed is the man who invented sleep.' w.

'Plantation on the Mississippi, November.'

VERY glad should we have been to do full justice to the *Exhibition of the National Academy of Design*, for the present year : but with all our efforts we have only been enabled to visit the collection twice : so that our examination of the pictures has necessarily been but cursory. Our fair and competent correspondent 'J. K. L.,' has been more fortunate, as will be seen from the following :

'MY DEAR MR. CLARK: I do not pretend to set myself up for much of a critic, but have tried my 'prentice hand' on the exhibition at the Academy of Design: and if the following remarks meet with your approbation, please give them a place in your pages.

'The first picture that attracted my attention as I entered the large room, was 'LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD:' but it seemed to me that the face was too old, and expressed too much sagacity, for one who was as easily deceived as the nursery-tale tells us she was by the wolf; and she don't look as if she ever said, 'Grand-ma, what big eyes you've got!' or could ever have been persuaded to part with her pot of butter. The head is certainly too small in proportion to the body, for a child. I hope Mr. PEEL won't feel inclined to *eat me up* for my remarks!

'Just below is a 'Scene in Wales,' a very pretty sketch; but there is a want of atmosphere, which very much detracts from it, and the road has the very extraordinary appearance of *leading nowhere*, though it is as steep as the side of a house!

'I shall make no remarks upon No. 20, 'Going to School,' by JEROME THOMPSON, as I am sure it will not fail to attract the attention of every lover of true art; but I must say that I do not consider it by any means one of his best pictures, and certainly not equal to 'The Apple-Gathering' he finished a short time since, and which I perceive you have seen at his studio.

'Number 33, 'Settling the Presidency,' is by A. F. TARR, and has a peculiar interest for me, as the sketch was taken at Chateaugay Lake, and near 'Camp Comfort,' the scene of my hunting exploits, where I *killed that deer*, and wrote my letters to you!

'Number 57, A Landscape by HUBBARD. The fore-ground is excellent, but the mountains look hard and leady.

'43, 'A Symbol,' by DURAND, I was perfectly fascinated with, and could have gazed on it for hours: the effect of light and shade is exquisite.

'74, Portrait of a Lady, by D. HUNTINGTON, looks as though the dress was made out of a damask table-cloth, instead of white satin.

'84, *The Head of a Scotch Terrier*, by HAYS, and 'Rabbit-Hunting,' by the same artist, are both excellent: so life-like and spirited that one feels inclined to say:

'Hark! hark! hear the dogs bark!'

'86, 'The Young Husband's First Marketing' is quite a comical thing; but it strikes me that his head is most enormously large, and quite out of proportion with his body: and as for 'The Young Wife,' in No. 94, she looks like an old maid who might have been in a great many stews before.

'FALSTAFF, by C. L. ELLIOTT, is excellent. He looks as though he were just saying, 'I desire more acquaintance of you,' as it were of 'good Master COWEBB.' A contemporary, 'The Criterion,' speaking of ELLIOTT's full-length picture of Ex-Governor HUNT, says, with perfect justice:

'It is a vigorous portrait: very true, not only to the features, but the natural language of the subject. It gives us not only the form, but the very air of the man. How much better *poséd* is this figure than the average of full-lengths in the City Hall! ELLIOTT is no experimental limner; he has a strong, true touch, an admirable sense of color, always reliable, ever at command. This portrait is the man himself, and, at the same time, a perfect illustration of American life—with hat, coat, and cane—firm on his feet, confident, and going *somewhere*—the epitome of a progressive, locomotive race, born for office and action! A very clear specimen of this artist's success in fancy portraiture, of which we do not remember another example, is the little picture of FALSTAFF! What an incarnation of jolly epicurism! How complacently his hand rests on the distended

punch, as if indicating the seat of the soul: what animal delight in the eye, what thorough sensual philosophy in the whole expression! The coloring, too, is in ELLIOT'S best manner.'

'Number 125, is a beautiful scene in the Franconia Mountains: the effect is fine, but I think it would have been heightened by more careful finishing of the fore-ground.

'Number 131, '*The Grape-Gatherer*,' by HUNTINGTON, is an exquisite little thing, and so is '*Mount Washington*,' by A. D. SHATTUCK.

'I must not omit to mention '*The Happy Family*,' Quail and Young, by TAIT, which pleased me as much as any thing in the Exhibition. And now I think this article quite long enough for a first attempt: and although I make no pretensions to be a judge, I think all will allow that I have 'naught extenuated, or set down aught in malice.'

More anon of the collection. - - - SUBSECTIONS OF GOSSIP upon the following subjects, although prepared, are unavoidably omitted until our next, in order to save the California mails of the twentieth of April: Death of Mr. JOSEPH CURTIS: Visit to the Cedar-ware Steam-machinery Establishment of the Messrs. STORMS at Nyack, Rockland county: Death of Mr. JAMES H. BENNOCH, at Piermont: The Rockland County Female Institute: 'Music and Musicians': 'The Lost Hunter,' a Novel: T. BUCHANAN REED'S New Pastoral: with several other smaller fragments, all of which, in their order, exceeded the allotted space of our pages. Our readers do n't know how very reluctantly we write this. - - - We were 'King-Fish' on the Tappaân-Zee this spring. JOHN VOORHEES, that well-known and indefatigable fisherman and clever fellow, in his beautiful sheltered nook at SNEEDEN'S Landing, opposite DOBBS' Ferry, caught for us the first shad of the season: except one rousing big specimen, which strayed up the Hudson as early as the first day of January! But *ours* was a beauty: and a sweeter fish was never tasted. How good they *are*, out of the running-water reservoir where JOHN keeps them! Talk of a shad 'bought in market' in comparison! Pshaw!

'THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB,' in two volumes, edited by the late Sergeant TAFOURD, are before us, from the press of the BROTHERS HARPER. 'Household Words,' are his writings now, to millions of delighted readers. Let us repeat here what was written in the opening number of the *Ollapodiana Papers*, in the KNICKERBOCKER for March, 1835: 'I hope you *know* LAMB, reader, in that fond acquaintance which authorship establishes between a writer and his admirers. What an essayist was he!—how shrewd in observation; how discriminative of the burlesque; how quaint, yet melodious in diction—in expression how varied! *Who* ever rose from his pages without brighter thoughts and softer feelings? If any one, let him distrust his heart, and acquire new perceptions; for in any sense, 't were better he should have no perceptions, than to be in the possession of qualities that cannot enable him to discern the merits of LAMB; the contemplative graduate of 'CHRIST'S, at Oxford, who could fling the lustre of his serene and goodly mind over every object: who *trailed the flowery vines of Poetry along the formal walks of Prose, until the scene brightened like a garden to the vision, and the air was redolent of celestial odors*. When will his place be filled again? What hand may renew the leaves of 'ELIA,' fresher and greener than the leaves of spring? I fear me, *none*! How fine a scholar, too, was he! None of your plodding quoters of Greek and Latin, with sentences longer than the longest Alexandrian, and a style rougher than the wave by Charybdis: but clear as the sky of May, and smooth as the susurrations of a stream in Eden. He made the best sources of our

language his study and his enjoyment. He walked with the god-like spirits of old English literature, like a compeer among his fellows; he sat him down beneath the royal and purple shadows of their mighty mantles, and ate of the manna which descended around. How numerous and how worthy were his intellectual companions! SHAKESPEARE was his bosom-friend; and with CHAUCER, SYDNEY, WARWICK, SPENSER, OVERBURY, BROWN, and WALTON, he 'strayed among the fields, hearing as it were the voice of God.' A portrait of LAMB, reading by candle-light 'books which are *books*,' and not merely 'books in books' clothing,' fronts the title-page of the first volume.

New Publications: Art-Notices, &c.

'A NEW FLOWER FOR CHILDREN. — We had rather be the author of one such book as this, than of many a one we could name, written for older persons, and in a more pretentious style. There is more truth, more nature, more poetry, more feeling, in it than in half the poems that were ever written. That author has genius of no common stamp, who can so step out from himself, as to feel and talk to children like a child. Not with a childish un-wisdom, nor strictly in a child's idiom; but *like* a child in simplicity of thought and language, in truthfulness to nature, and in purity of heart. Blessings on thee, MARIA CHILD! For thou hast done this, and more. There is in thee that which children will not only love, but seek after and imitate. Not consciously, but in a far better and surer way. We have no fears for the moral safety of any child who has an abundance of books to read like this 'New Flower,' and is reasonably free of the baleful influence of parental mis-direction. It is the *tuition of the heart* that is more needed now. And thank God! with such writers as DICKENS, HAWTHORNE, 'PETER PARLEY,' ABBOTT, and L. MARIA CHILD engaged in labors, more or less frequent, so successfully directed, they are likely to find the sustenance their budding natures crave. As the stories, in this little volume, are uniformly good, in style and sentiment and *fitness*, we find it a difficult matter to make a selection, as a sample of the style.

'MEN AND WOMEN,' by ROBERT BROWNING, has been issued by TICKNOR AND FIELDS. We have esteemed friends and correspondents, who themselves write simply and well, and touch the popular mind, and win the popular heart, who profess to admire the poetry of the BROWNINGs. When the twain were married, a distinguished American poet remarked to us, that he was glad of the circumstance, on one account: as, although no body else could understand their writings, they might now perhaps be able to understand each other. A critic in the '*Express*' daily journal 'expresses' our own opinion in forcible language:

'BROWNING is the poet of idiosyncrasy and waywardness. His poems impress one with the peevishness of wearied and over-wrought aspiration. In his new volume, we have even a still more marked development of his peculiarities in this respect than almost any heretofore. The spirit which characterizes 'Milford' on his grand tour, or in his continental loiterings, makes up the spirit of 'Men and Women.' His lyrical pieces, his dramatic pieces, his descriptive pieces, are all of this one temper. Indeed, in the dramatic efforts, where his peculiarities might be supposed to submerge themselves, he only manages the anomaly of multiplying himself and his whim, in each of the characters. His dialogue and action has an uniformity, varied only in the artificial division of it, which seems like so many fragments of a broken mirror, reflecting the incumbent features, the idiosyncrasy of ROBERT BROWNING.

'Such a poet does not get out of his own couch far enough to gain any feeling or fellowship with the real hearts of men and women. In presenting us, therefore, with a representation of his fellows, in a medium which should specially exhibit their common nature as the basis or background for such an effort, we find no such adjunct, but a sort of *bas-relief* execution, each figure varied without atmosphere, roundness, or completeness — each broken or cut short with abrupt and arbitrary curtness. There is not wanting in his verses either beauty of thought, language, or design; but neither the elegance of his sentiments, nor the picturesqueness of his subjects, compensate for the artificial and overstrained effects of their treatment. He has, too, reached the height of the prevailing faults of the present school of English poets; a remoteness from the fresh and natural experience of men and things in nature.'

'THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS.'—Don't take up this work and read it through at once, but peruse it at intervals. In that way it will prove exceedingly amusing. The papers which compose this volume first appeared in the columns of *Neal's Saturday Gazette*, the editor of which was JOSEPH C. NEAL, the well-known author of the *Charcoal Sketches*, in which paper they soon attracted such public attention, that the greatest interest was manifested to learn the identity of the author, who, at the time they were written, was a quiet resident of Whitesboro', in this State, and the happy centre of a home circle—a Miss BERRY, subsequently married to the Rev. B. W. WHICHER. The character of this extraordinary and talented young woman is faithfully portrayed in the introduction; and the matter of the papers is so originally humorous; so free from any straining after effect; so ludicrously comic in character, and 'so remarkable for minute observation of human nature,' that they at once elicited the highest encomium from the press in all parts of the country, and which procured for the authoress numberless proposals for her production. DERRY AND JACKSON, publishers.

'A JOURNEY IN THE SEABOARD STATES,' containing a series of letters originally contributed to the New-York *Daily Times*, under the signature of 'A YEOMAN,' have been issued in a well-printed volume, by Messrs. DIX AND EDWARDS. The author is FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, Esq., author of '*Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England*.' He claims to have been influenced by no partisan bias: he went upon his journey with a determination to 'see things for himself, and to see them carefully and fairly, but cheerfully and kindly;' and he certainly seems to have done so. Much of his volume is devoted to the capability of the soils in different sections, to sustain profitable culture, and support an increased population; the opportunities for improvement, both in agriculture and commerce; the comparative value of slave-labor, etc. The book is illustrated by a few good wood-cuts.

'OUR COUSIN VENONICA.'—'*Amabel, a Family History*,' a previous volume, by the writer of the present, (Miss MARY E. WORMELEY,) will insure popularity to the book before us. It is a quiet, flowing narrative, describing the fortunes of an English family who leave their ancestral home for a residence among the mountains of Virginia. Without any affectation of intensity, the plot wins upon the sympathy of the reader by its air of perfect naturalness, and the genuine, home-bred virtues of its principal characters. Alternating between England and this country, the scene embraces a variety of social features, representing the manners and habits of the interior of Virginia, and of several of the leading American cities, as well as of the rural population of Great Britain. The author evidently writes from a wide observation of society, a familiarity with the best literature of the day, and a fund of native good sense and good feeling.'

We have received from OLIVER DITSON the '*Free-Love Polka*, dedicated to several pretty girls,' and the '*K. N. PEPPER Polka*, composed by P. PEPPER POND,' with the motto, taken from the published correspondence of the poet, '*Yours while the Vile Sparc continuoos to shynet!*' The former, we are assured by musicians, is an excellent composition. The latter, our friend WILLIS—a 'good judge'—says in his *Musical World*, is 'pert, pleasing, popular, peppery enough.'

We derive the following new music for the Piano, from Mr. HORACE WATERS, 333 Broadway. *Fairy Bell Polka*, by T. H. HOWE. *Looking-around Polka*, by GEORGE LAMO. *La Belle Georgienne Grand Waltz*, by HERRMAN S. SARONI. *Vilkins and his Dinah Schottische*, by JAMES BELLAK. '*I Never can be Thine*,' ballad composed by ELIZA VALENTINI. '*The glance of Love*,' words by MISS FANNING READ, music by ELIZA VALENTINI. '*Bird's Complaint, Song*,' by BENJAMIN JEPSON.

We are obliged to omit a notice of the OPERA as the season closed, and of the opening, under Prof. MARETZKE, which promises to be very successful.